



SPECIAL

2

1989

ALL NEW!

CHRISTMAS

WITH THE SUPER-HEROES



Happy
Holidays
from



CHRISTMAS

WITH THE SUPER HEROES #2



Some of your favorite
super heroes—BATMAN
DEADMAN • ENEMY ACE
FLASH • GREEN LANTERN
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN

Written and drawn by some
of the most popular talents
in comics today—Brennert
Byrne • Chadwick • Gibbons
A. Kubert • Loeb • Morrow
Nyberg • Shanower
Templeton



64 pages of
good cheer in DC's
Standard Format.
Available in October.

team planet

TO UNDERSTAND, THINK
OF BEING BITTEN BY
FLIES ON A STEAMY
SUMMER DAY.

THE FIRST BITES ARE
ANNOYING, BUT THE PAIN
IS BEARABLE.

AFTER THREE, FOUR,
FIVE... YOU START TO
GET FRANTIC.

THIS FEELING GROWS
AND GROWS.

AFTER FIFTEEN, YOU
ARE DESPERATE,
FURIOUS, CRAZY.

PLEASE...
PLEASE!

STOP!

AFTER THIRTY, THE PAIN
IS LARGER THAN THE WORLD.
YOU ARE NOTHING BUT RAGE
AND FRUSTRATION. IF IT
WAS EASY TO DO, YOU COULD
KILL SOMEONE, REALLY KILL.

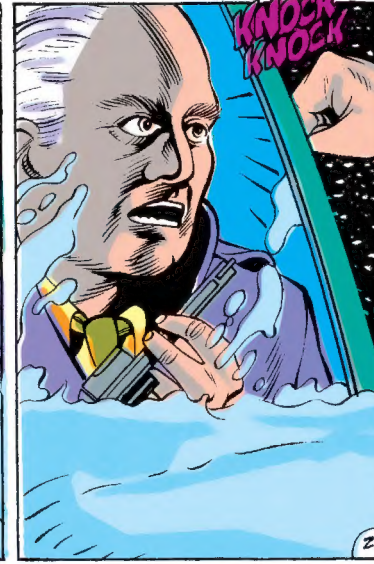
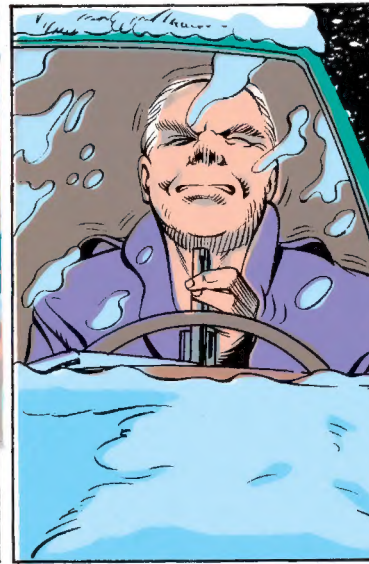
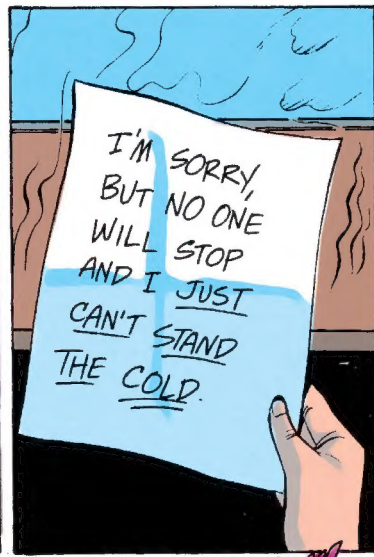
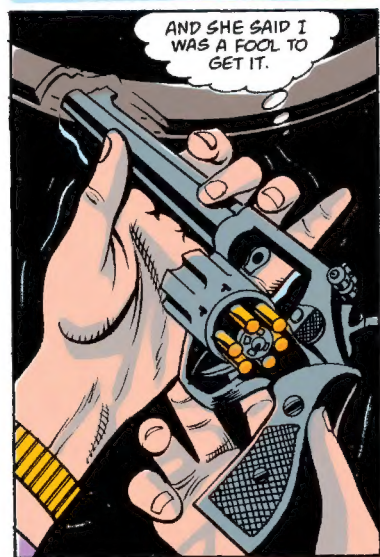
PAUL CHADWICK
STORY + PENCILS
JOHN NYBERG
INKS
JOHN COSTANZA
LETTERER
TOM McCRAW
COLORIST
MARK WAID
EDITOR

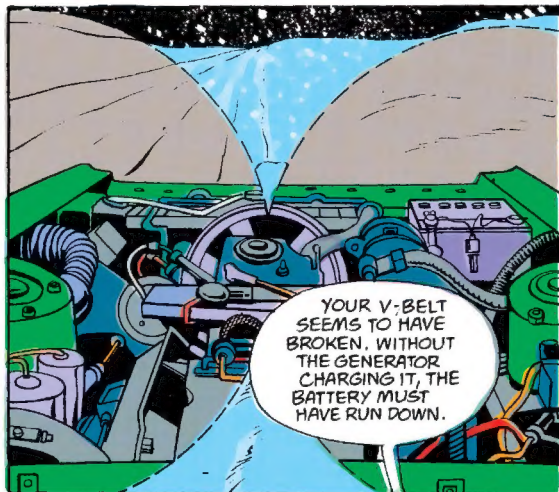
SUPERMAN created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

EX-MACHINA

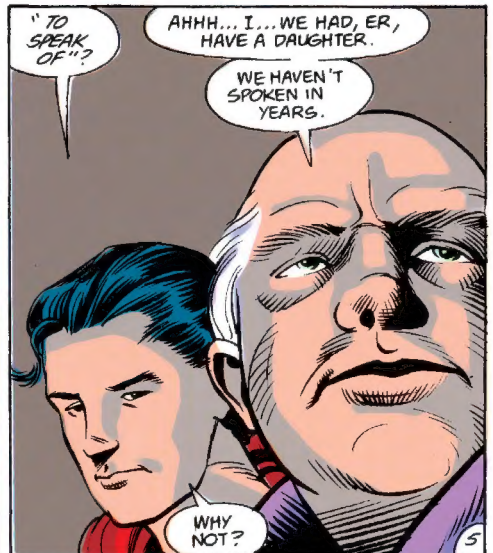
NOOOOO!!!

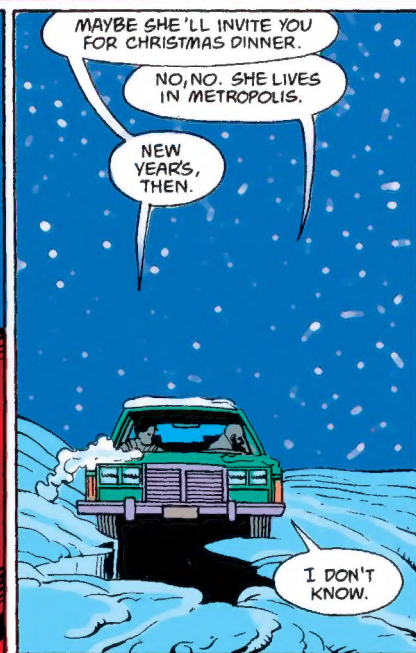
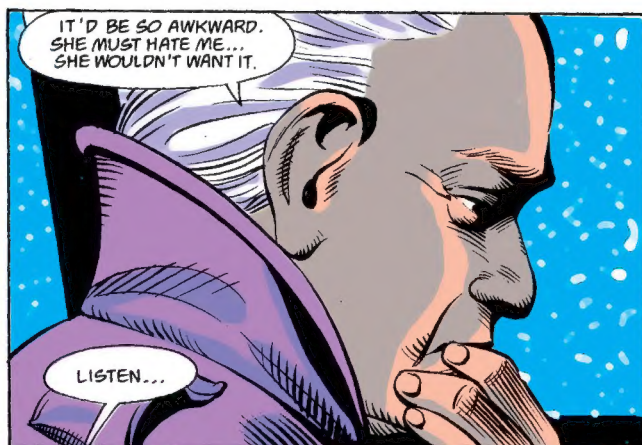
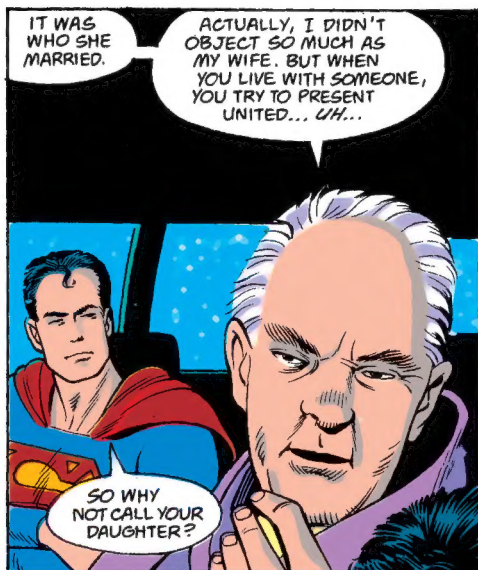
NOOOO...











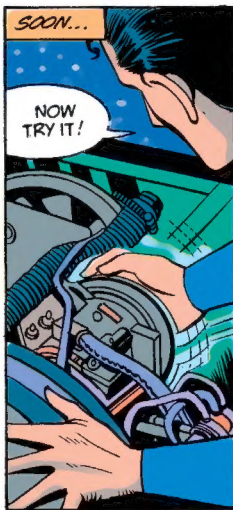


ALL RIGHT. NOT BECAUSE YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BUT BECAUSE YOU MADE ME WARM.

I'LL CALL HER.



GOOD. I'M GOING TO TURN YOUR GENERATOR BY HAND AND CHARGE YOUR BATTERY.



SOON...

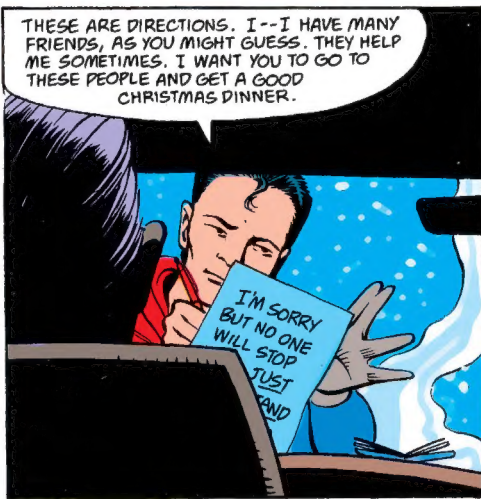
NOW TRY IT!



AHHHH...



GIVE ME THAT PAPER AND PEN, WILL YOU?



THESE ARE DIRECTIONS. I--I HAVE MANY FRIENDS, AS YOU MIGHT GUESS. THEY HELP ME SOMETIMES. I WANT YOU TO GO TO THESE PEOPLE AND GET A GOOD CHRISTMAS DINNER.

I'M SORRY BUT NO ONE WILL STOP JUST STAND



I COULDN'T!

NONSENSE. THEY'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU.

BESIDES, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND AN OPEN SERVICE STATION WITH A V-BELT ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

YOU WON'T GET FAR ON JUST YOUR BATTERY.

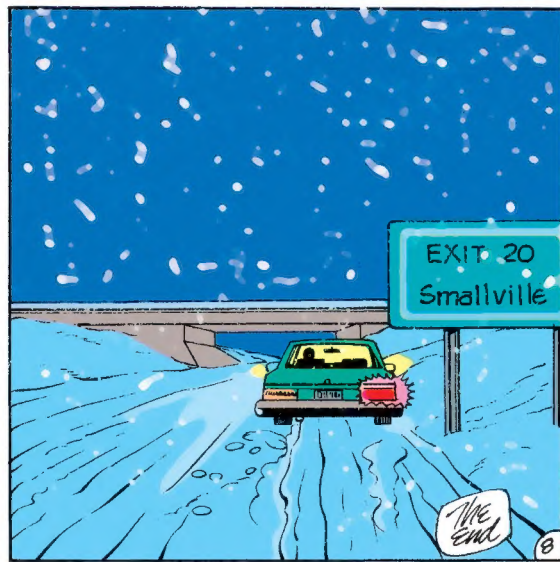
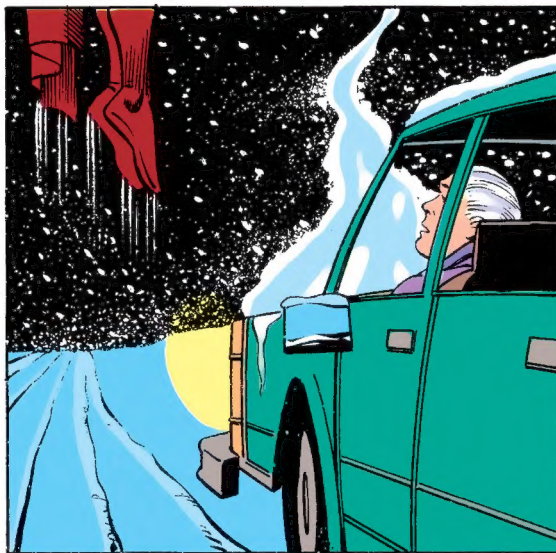


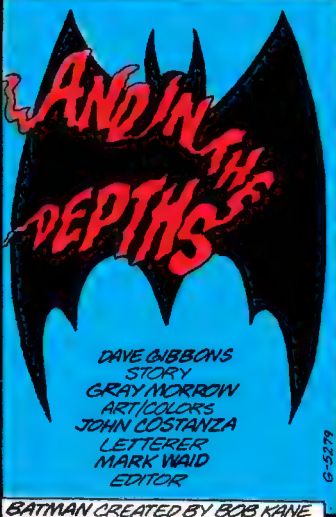
I'LL PHONE THEM SO THEY KNOW YOU'RE COMING.

THEY'RE GOOD FOLKS. THEY HELPED ME OUT AFTER I HAD SOME TROUBLE IN SPACE ONE TIME.

I'M TRUSTING YOU TO BE DISCREET ABOUT THIS. TELL NO ONE.

THEY'RE AN OLDER COUPLE. LIKE YOU, THEY'RE PRIVATE PEOPLE.





LAND IN THE DEPTHS

DAVE GIBBONS
STORY
GRAY MORROW
ART/COLORS
JOHN COSTANZA
LETTERER
MARK WAID
EDITOR

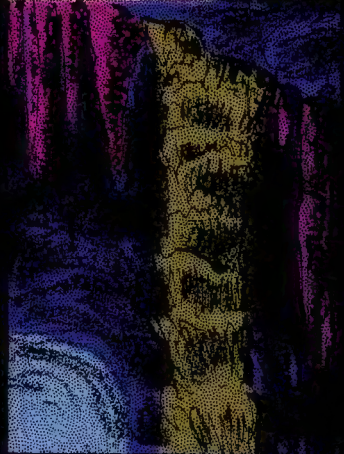
G-5279

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

DARK.

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN DARK HERE?

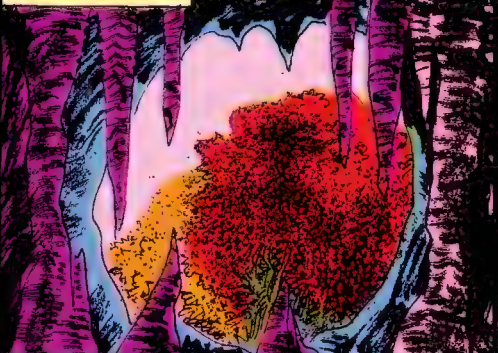
HOW LONG SINCE THE ETERNAL WATERS STARTED THEIR WORK UPON THIS ANCIENT ROCK?



HOW LONG SINCE THE SCULPTING OF THIS VAST, EMPTY CATHEDRAL OF NIGHT WAS BEGUN?



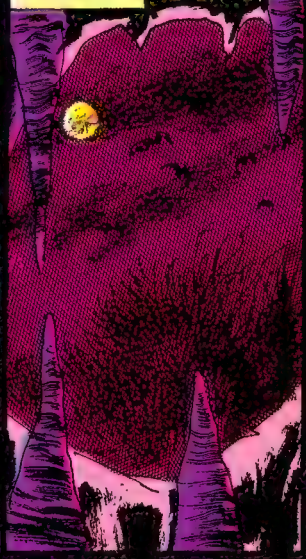
HOW MANY SUMMERS HAVE STIRRED THE WORLD ABOVE INTO TEEMING LIFE?



HOW MANY WINTERS HAVE PLUNGED IT INTO GLACIAL STILLNESS?



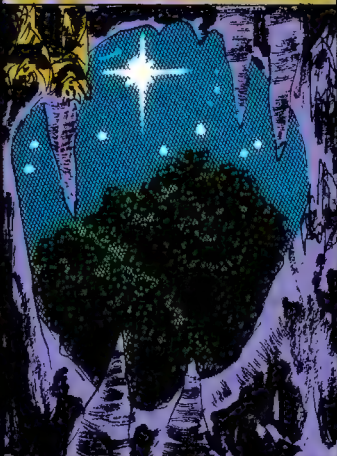
HOW MANY BILLIONS OF CREATURES HAVE LIVED AND DIED SEEKING SALVATION?



HOW DO WE MEASURE THE COUNTLESS LIFETIMES SPENT IN DARKNESS?



FAR ACROSS THE WORLD ABOVE, IN A
ROUGH STABLE, A CHILD SREAMS.



FOR MANY, HIS BIRTH BRINGS A
LIGHT THAT MAY NEVER BE QUENCHED.



BUT NOT FOR ALL.



FOR SOME,
THE DARK HAS
NO END.

THE BRAVEST WARRIORS DARE VENTURE BUT A FEW STEPS
INTO THE BLACKNESS.



EVEN THE LIGHT FROM OVER THE SEA SHRINKS BACK IN
SUPERSTITIOUS AWE...



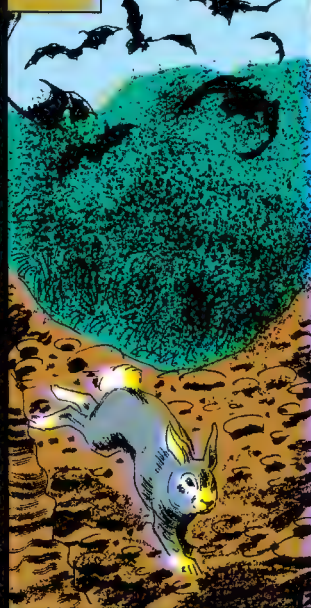
FLEES FROM WHAT MUST SURELY BE
AN ANTE-CHAMBER OF HELL ITSELF.



DARK, ALWAYS DARK.



UNTIL--



BRUCE!

WINGLESS LIMBS
FLAILING THE HEAVY
AIR, A CHILD FALLS.

FALLS INTO A MIDNIGHT
WONDERLAND.

HIS WIDENING EYES SEE BEYOND THE
MOMENT AND GLIMPSE A DARK DESTINY.

BLOOD AND
ETERNAL
NIGHT.

UNCOUNTED PAIRS OF SIGHTLESS
EYES MIRROR THE VISION.

NUMBERLESS SHRILL VOICES ECHO THE
SCREAM.

DARK.

DARK AND VAST.

THE BLACK GULF WAITS PATIENTLY.

WAITS AS, ON A CITY STREET ABOVE, THE CHILD SCREAMS ONCE MORE, REBORN IN DEATH.

WAITS AS THE CHILD BECOMES A MAN.

WAITS AS GRIM RESOLUTIONS ARE MADE.

THEN EMBRACES HIM AS, SWATHED IN NIGHT, HE PREPARES FOR THE HUNT.



EMPTY AND DANGEROUS IF UNRELIEVED.

TO SURVIVE, THE BENIGHTED MUST SEEK
THE LIGHT.

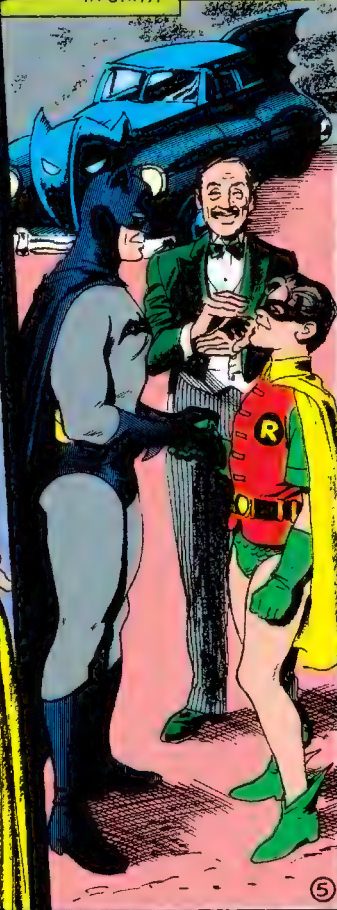
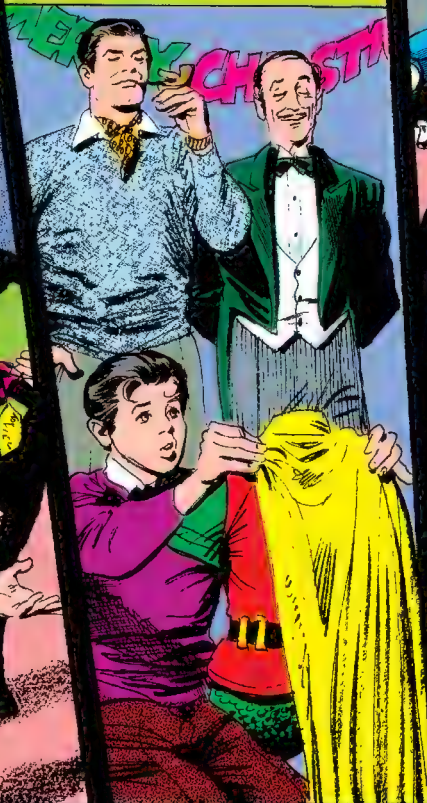
DARK.

OBSESSION
IS DARK.

THIS
CHILD, TOO, HAS
BEEN BORN TO TRAGEDY,
YET SOMEHOW HE IS UNSHADOWED.

MUST TEMPER
THE COLD VOID WITH
WARMTH.

CONTRASTING,
YET ALIKE, THEY BOND
IN UNITY.

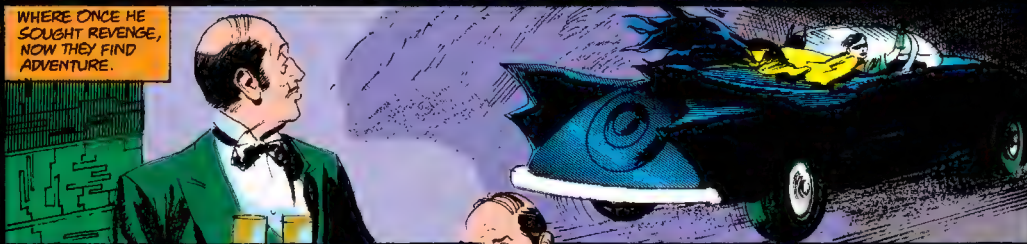


THE DARK
RECEDES.

THE WINTER
SHADOWS OF
THE MAN'S
WORLD ARE
PUSHED
BACK, AS
IF BY A
NEW SUN.



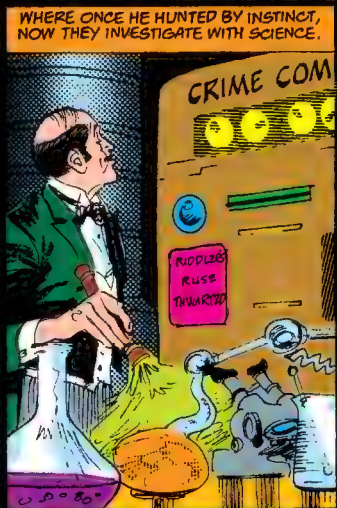
WHERE ONCE HE
SOUGHT REVENGE,
NOW THEY FIND
ADVENTURE.



WHERE ONCE HE
SOWNED TERROR,
NOW THEY HARVEST
TROPHIES.



WHERE ONCE HE HUNTED BY INSTINCT,
NOW THEY INVESTIGATE WITH SCIENCE.



IN PERIL AND IN TRIUMPH, THEY
SUSTAIN EACH OTHER.



TOGETHER THEY HOLD THE THREATENING
NIGHT AT BAY.

YET THE DARK
MUST RETURN.



INEVITABLE AS
THE LENGTHENING
SHADOWS ON A
SUMMER'S AFTER-
NOON.

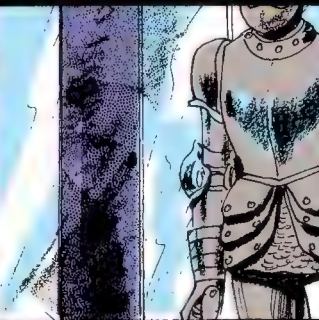
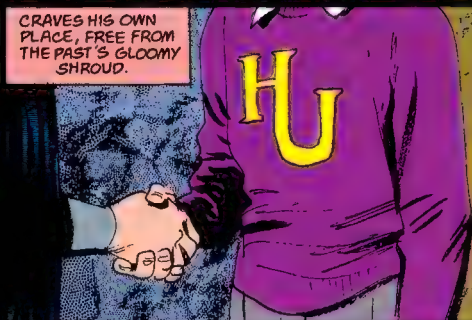
AND THE CHILD, IN HIS TURN SOON TO
BE A MAN, LONGS FOR A NEW DAY.



RENOUNCES THE TRAPPINGS OF
TWILIGHT.



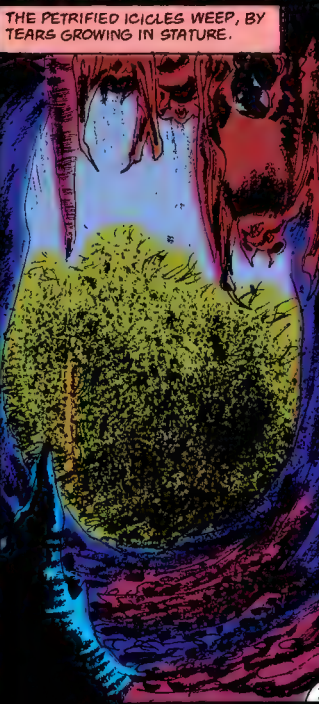
CRAVES HIS OWN
PLACE, FREE FROM
THE PAST'S GLOOMY
SHROUD.



BUT SOME, THERE IS NO ESCAPE.



THE PETRIFIED ICICLES WEEP, BY
TEARS GROWING IN STATURE.



DARK.

IN SOLITUDE, THE DRAMA CONTINUES.

CAREENS TOWARDS ITS INEVITABLE CLIMAX.

HOW LONG WILL IT BE DARK HERE?

SOME CAN ONLY WAIT HELPLESSLY.

AND WATCH, TRANSFIXED, AS BLEAK DESTINY UNFOLDS.

OTHERS SMELL BLOOD.

AND THINK ONLY OF ETERNAL NIGHT.

DARK.

COLD.

DARK AS DESPAIR.
COLD AS DEATH.

THE
WORLD CAN BE
CRUEL TO THE
INNOCENT.

LOST IN
THE ABYSS, THEY
MAY LOSE SIGHT OF
THE SKY.

BATTERED AND
BEATEN, THEY MAY
NOT REMEMBER
TRANQUILITY.

BUT EVEN AS
THEIR BLOOD FREEZES
IN MORTAL DREAD.

EVEN
AS ETERNAL
NIGHT SEEMS
INESCAPABLE.

EVEN THEN, THE FLAME OF HOPE
MAY STILL IGNITE IN THEIR BREASTS.

THEY MAY DISCOVER
STRENGTH WITHIN.

MAY RECOGNIZE A GREATER TRUTH.



AND
BE
MIRACULOUSLY
SAVED.

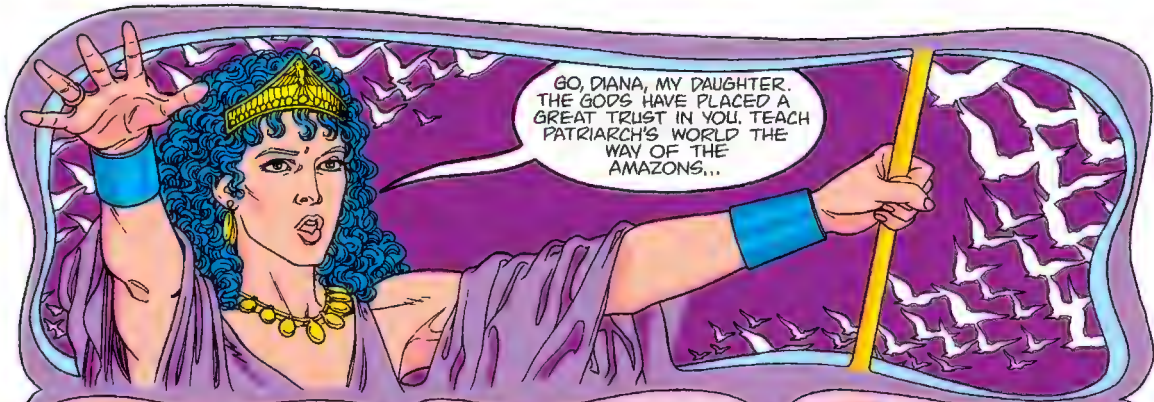
IT
CANNOT
LAST
FOREVER.

FOR
WITHOUT DARK-
NESS, LIGHT HAS
NO MEANING.

AND
LONG THOUGH
THE NIGHT HAS
BEEN...



End of Story



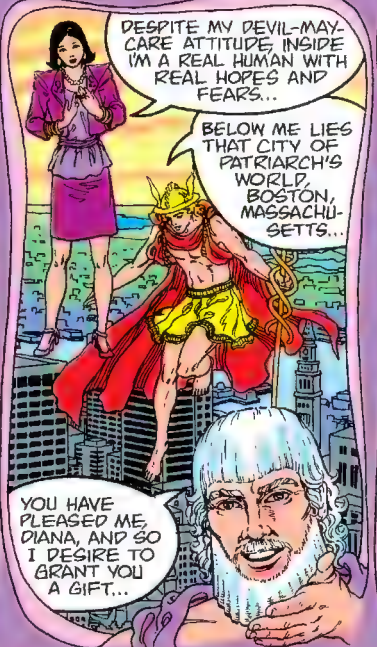
GO, DIANA, MY DAUGHTER. THE GODS HAVE PLACED A GREAT TRUST IN YOU. TEACH PATRIARCH'S WORLD THE WAY OF THE AMAZONS...



HI, DIANA. MYNDI HERE. REMEMBER ME--YOUR PROMOTION MANAGER WITH THE POLISHED, PROFESSIONAL, FAST-TALK FAÇADE?

SALUTATIONS, PRINCESS, FROM LORD HERMES, MESSENGER OF THE GODS.

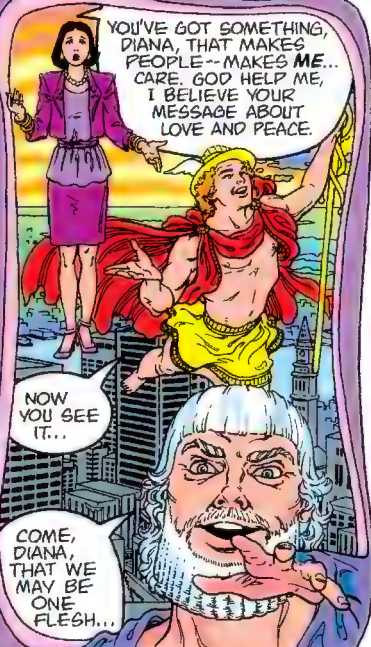
I, ZEUS, LORD OF OLYMPUS, GREET THEE, DIANA.



DESPITE MY DEVIL-MAY-CARE ATTITUDE, INSIDE I'M A REAL HUMAN WITH REAL HOPES AND FEARS...

BELOW ME LIES THAT CITY OF PATRIARCH'S WORLD, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS...

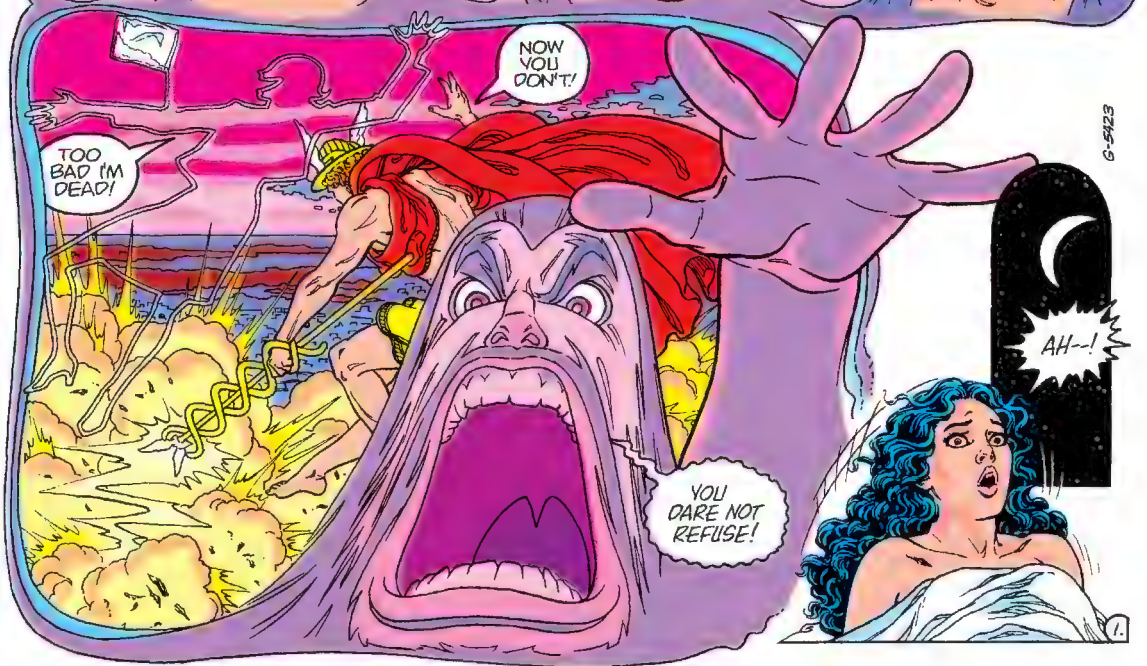
YOU HAVE PLEASSED ME, DIANA, AND SO I DESIRE TO GRANT YOU A GIFT...



YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING, DIANA, THAT MAKES PEOPLE--MAKES ME... CARE. GOD HELP ME, I BELIEVE YOUR MESSAGE ABOUT LOVE AND PEACE.

NOW YOU SEE IT...

COME, DIANA, THAT WE MAY BE ONE FLESH...



NOW YOU DON'T!

TOO BAD I'M DEAD!

YOU DARE NOT REFUSE!

AH--!

6-5423

Gifts

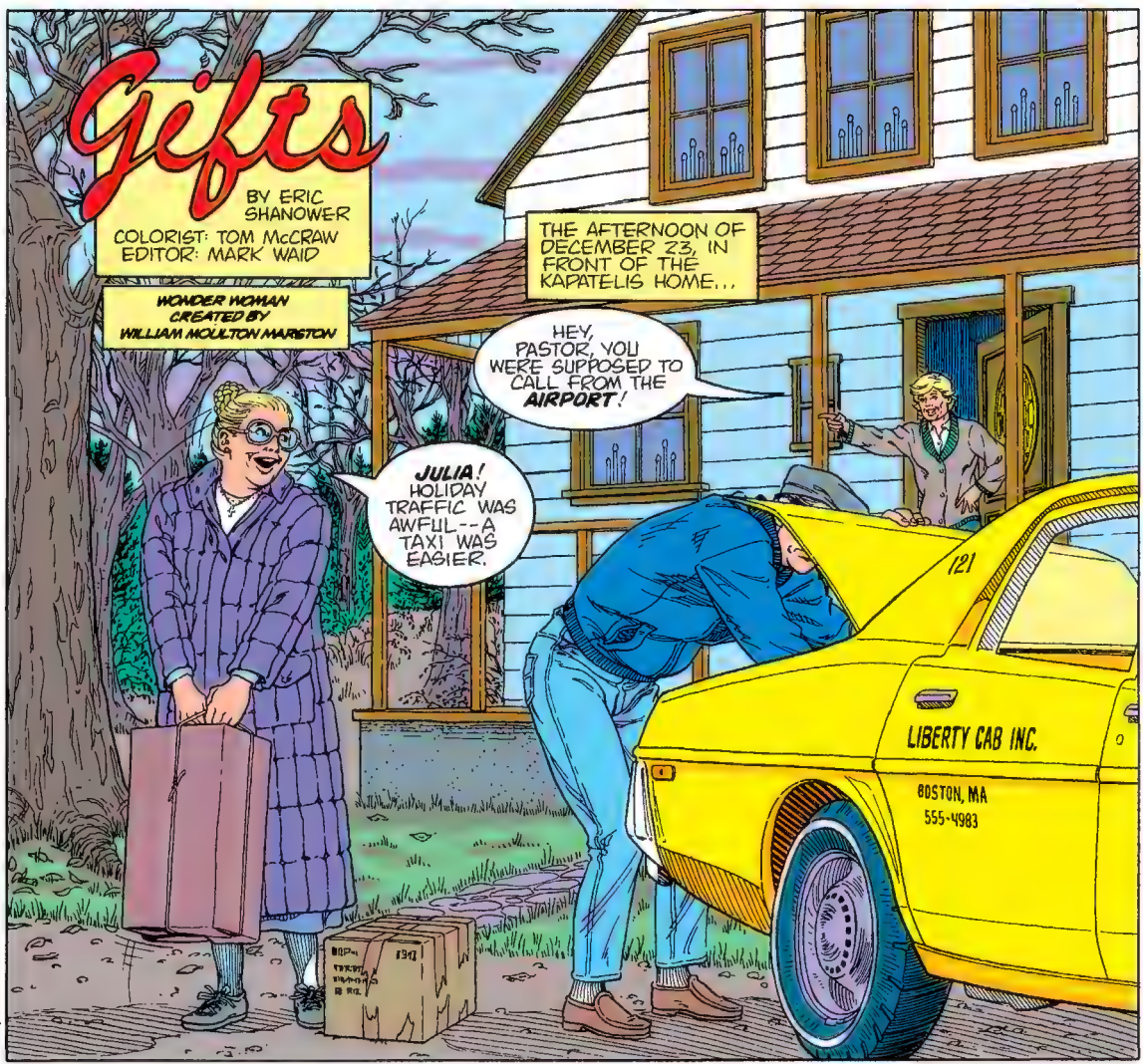
BY ERIC SHANOWER
COLORIST: TOM McCRAW
EDITOR: MARK WAID

WONDER WOMAN
CREATED BY
WILLIAM MOUTON MARSTON

THE AFTERNOON OF
DECEMBER 23, IN
FRONT OF THE
KAPATELIS HOME...

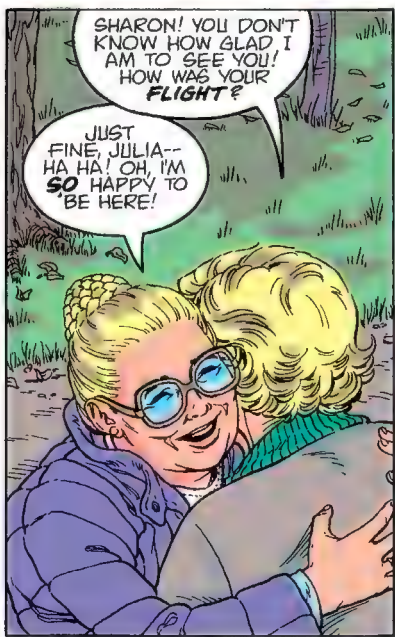
HEY,
PASTOR,
YOU
WERE SUPPOSED TO
CALL FROM THE
AIRPORT!

JULIA!
HOLIDAY
TRAFFIC WAS
AWFUL--A
TAXI WAS
EASIER.



SHARON! YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW GLAD I
AM TO SEE YOU!
HOW WAS YOUR
FLIGHT?

JUST
FINE, JULIA--
HA HA! OH, I'M
SO HAPPY TO
BE HERE!

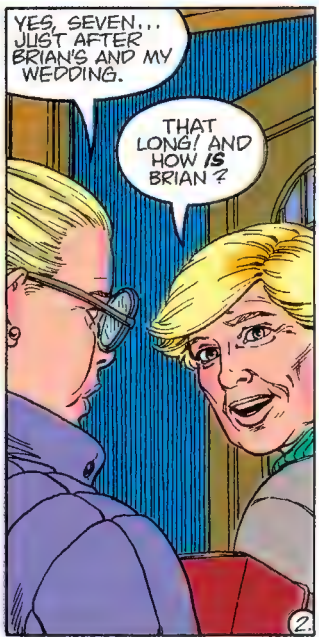


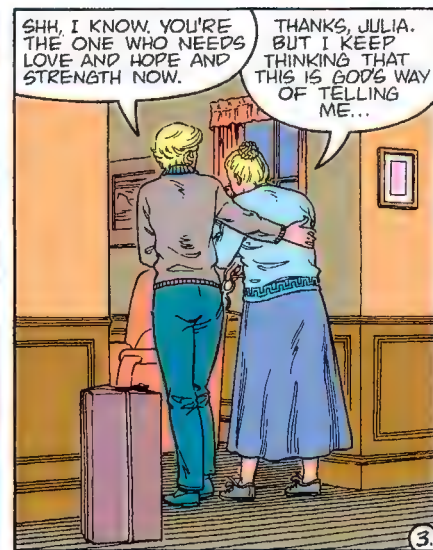
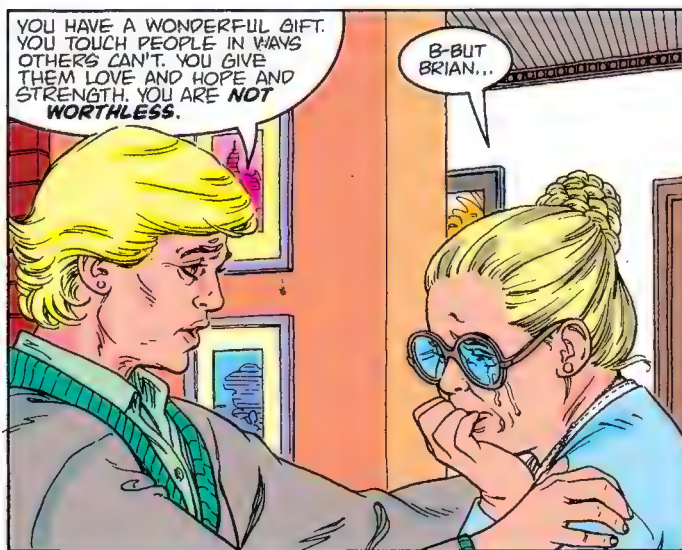
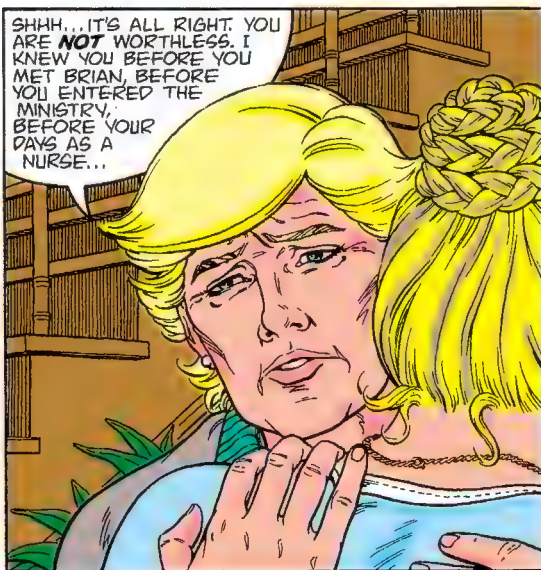
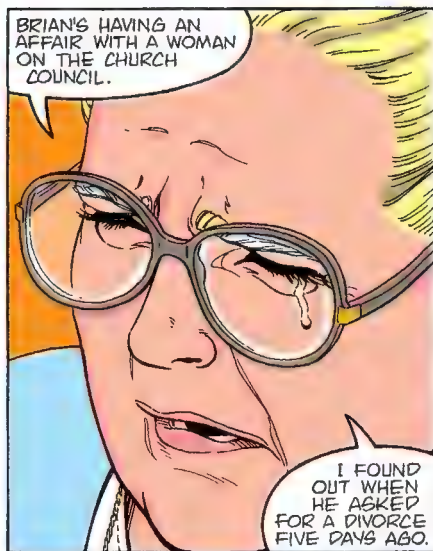
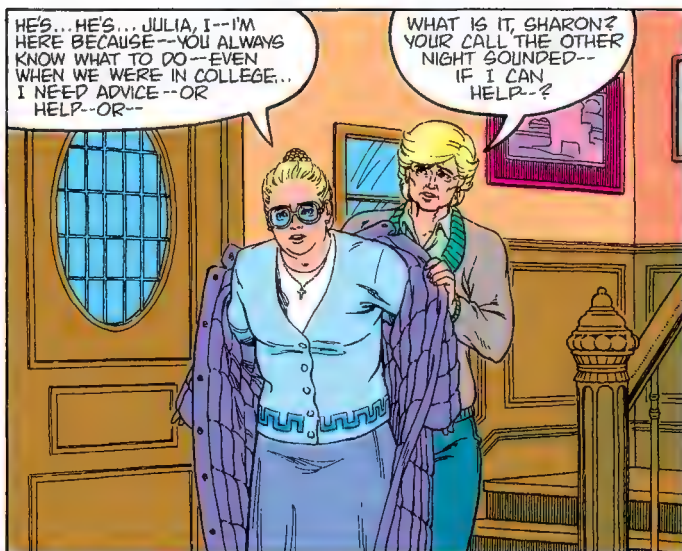
I'M SORRY
THIS VISIT IS
ON SUCH SHORT
NOTICE--

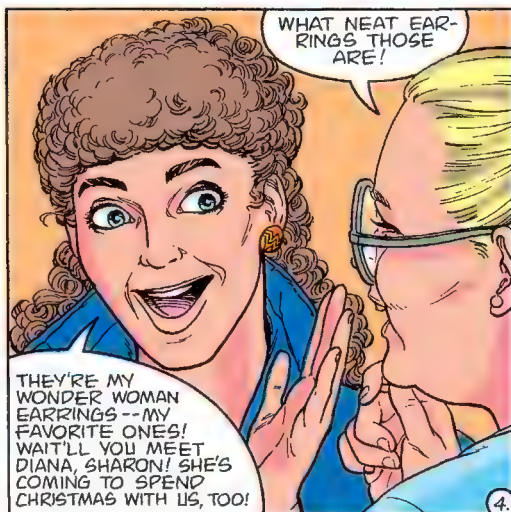
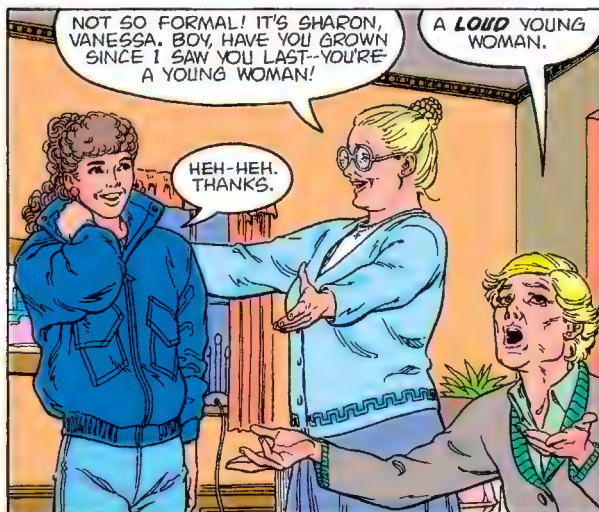
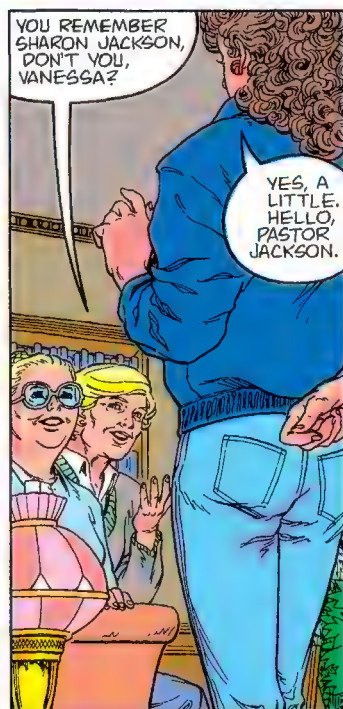
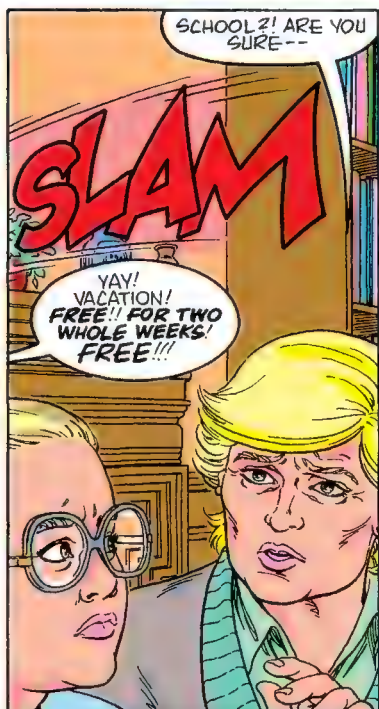
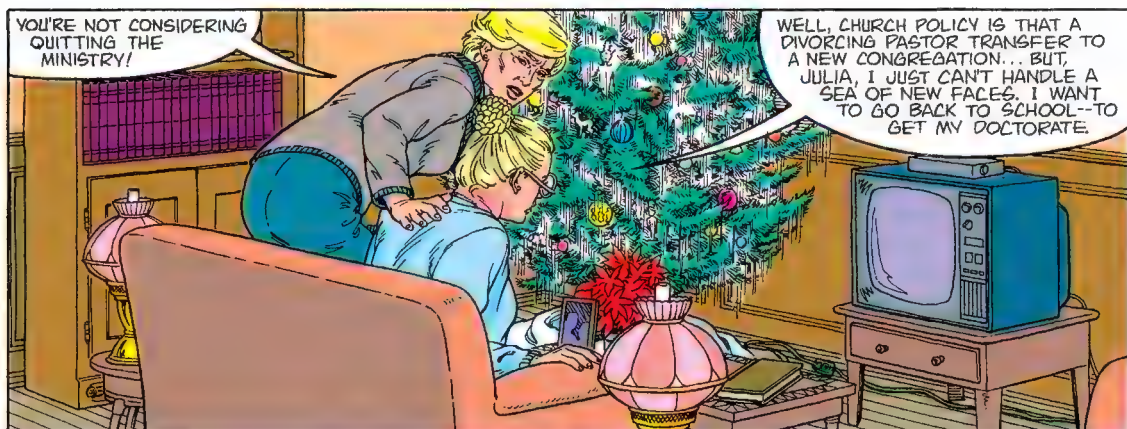
DON'T
YOU DARE
APOLOGIZE!
COME INSIDE!
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU IN WHAT--
SEVEN YEARS?

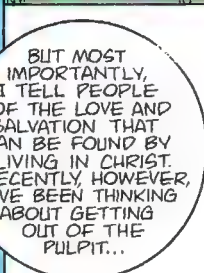
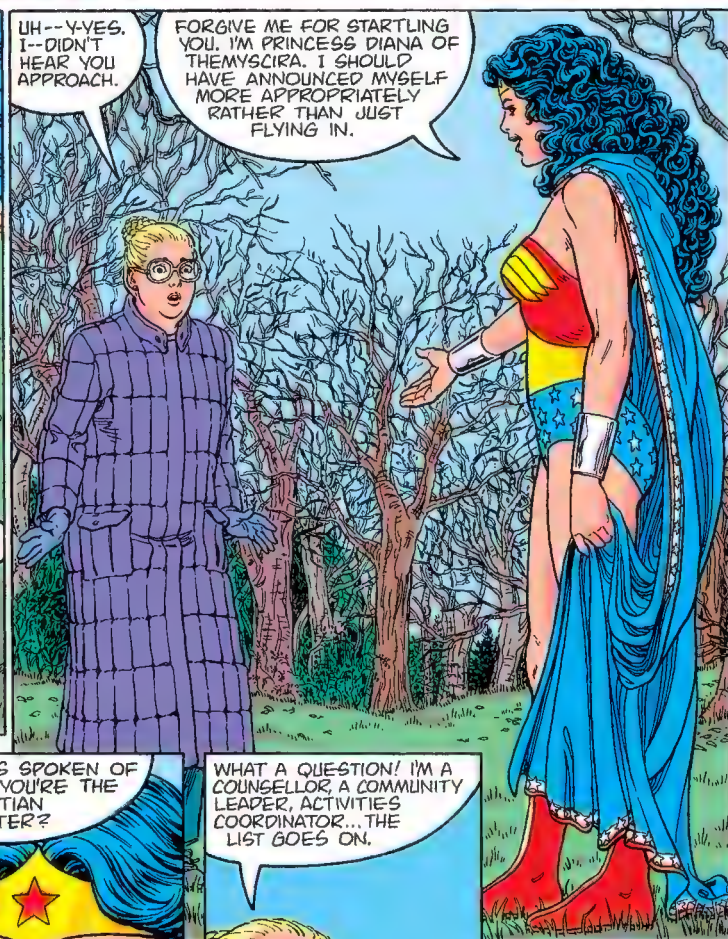
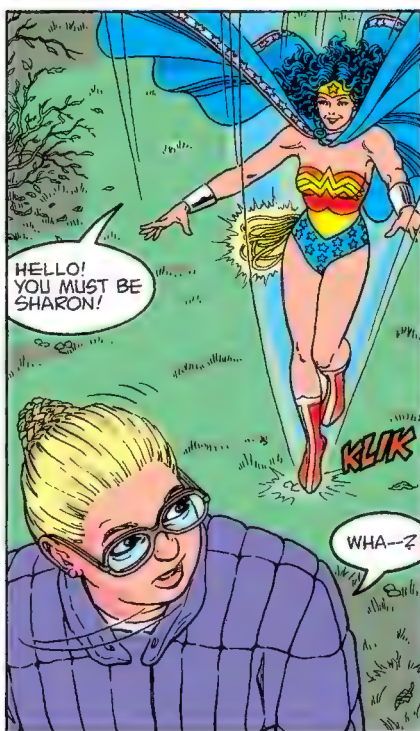
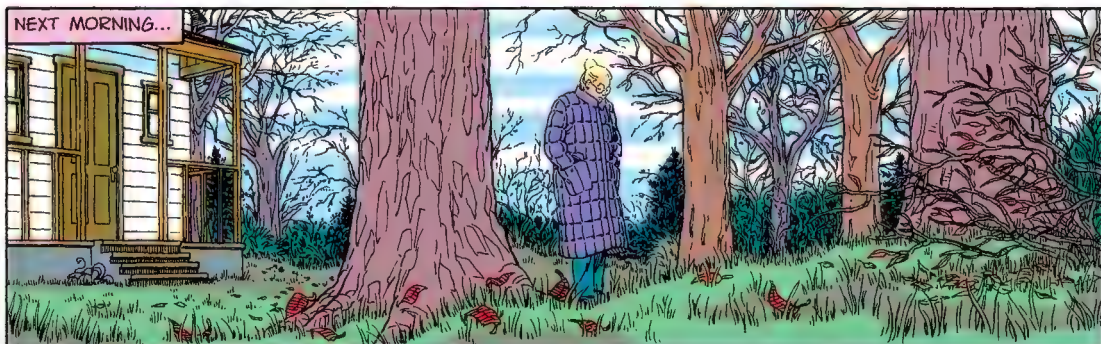
YES, SEVEN...
JUST AFTER
BRIAN'S AND MY
WEDDING.

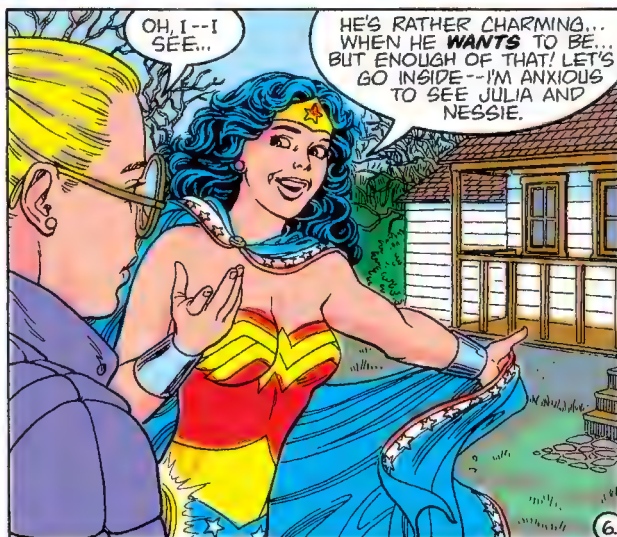
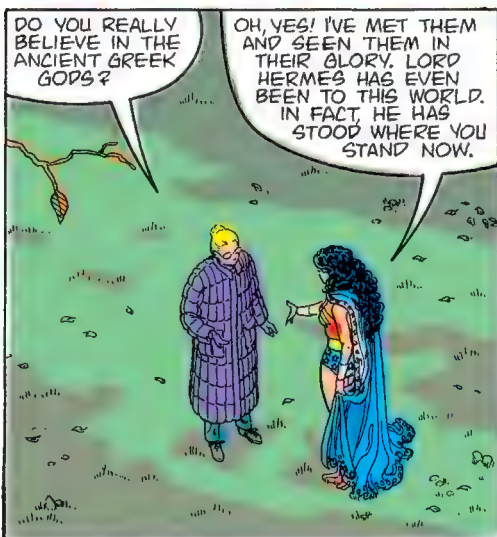
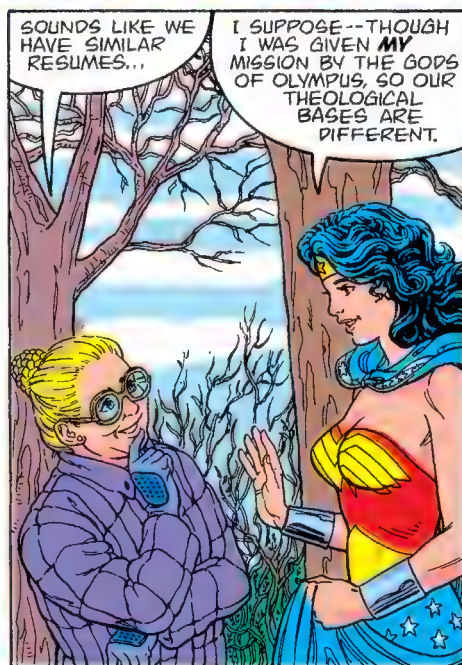
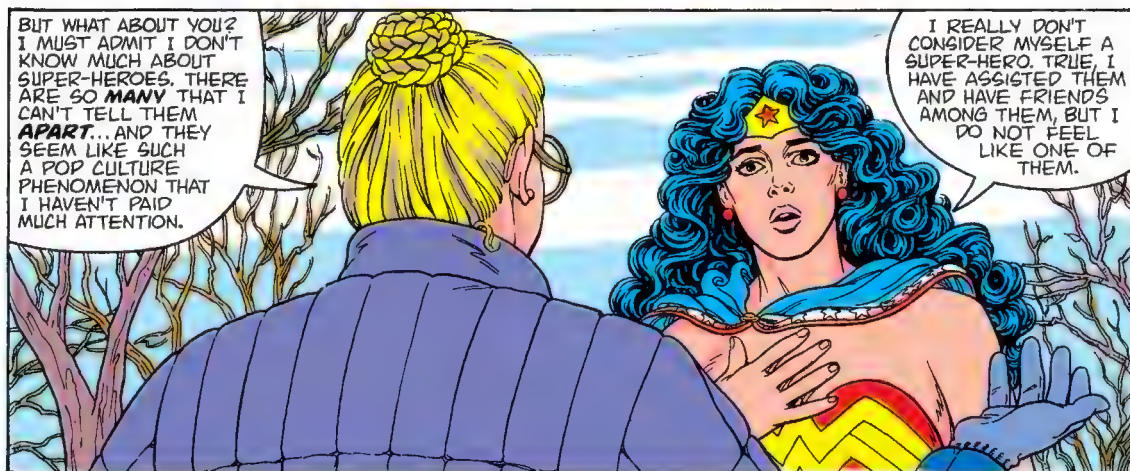
THAT
LONG! AND
HOW IS
BRIAN?

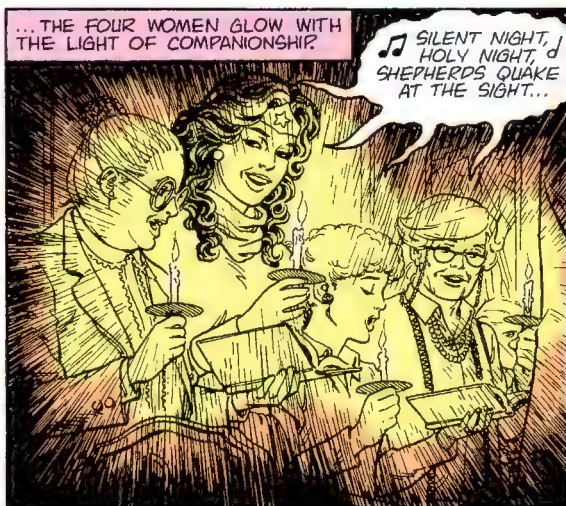
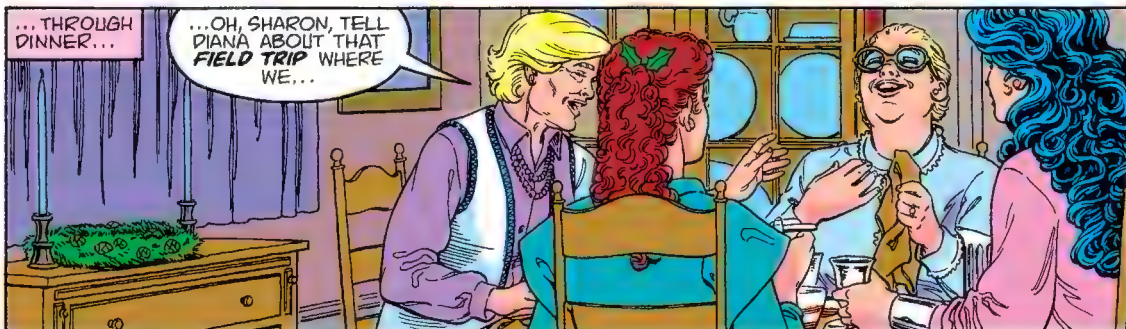














DIANA! YOU SCARED ME--
I WAS PLAYING LAST-
MINUTE SANTA--

YOU'RE
NOT PEEKING
AT YOUR
PRESENTS,
ARE YOU?



WHAT? NO, I--MY DREAMS
WOKE ME AND I'VE BEEN
REFLECTING ON WHAT
I'VE ACCOMPLISHED...
AND WHAT I
HAVEN'T.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



THE REASON I CAME TO THIS
WORLD WAS TO TEACH HUMAN-
KIND TO LIVE IN PEACE AND
HARMONY. I KNOW I'VE DONE
SOME GOOD, BUT...

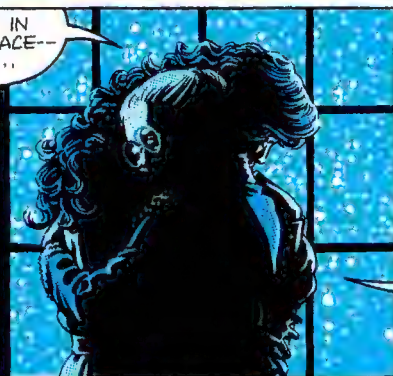
THOUGH
MY GODS
HAVE HELPED
ME IN THE PAST,
SOMETIMES
THEY HAVE
BEEN CRUEL.
NOW I FEEL
ABANDONED
BY THEM.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ANYMORE...
I DON'T KNOW
WHO OR WHAT
TO BELIEVE...



MY POOR PRINCESS!
WHAT IS IT THAT
YOU TRULY
BELIEVE?

I--I BELIEVE IN
LOVE AND PEACE--
AND TRUTH...



THEN HOLD
FAST TO THOSE
BELIEFS, DIANA.
THOUGH YOUR GODS
MAY IGNORE YOU,
YOUR BELIEF WILL
SUSTAIN YOU. THAT IS
YOUR **REAL** GOD, DIANA.
ALL THE WORLD CRIES
FOR THE VALUES YOU
PREACH, YET REFUSES
THEM WITH THE SAME
BREATH. YOU'RE HERE TO
TELL THEM, DIANA. KEEP
TELLING THE WORLD
WHAT YOU BELIEVE.



BUT NO ONE IS LISTENING!
THE PEOPLE WHO NEED
ME THE MOST--THE ONES
FULL OF HATE AND
DESPAIR--HAVE I
HELPED THEM? NO!
I FIGHT THE HATING
ONES--AND WATCH
THE DESPAIRING
ONES DIE! WHY
DO THEY SHUT
OUT MY VOICE?

SOMEONE WILL
HEAR, DIANA--
SOMEONE WILL
NEED TO BELIEVE
WHAT YOU AND
I BELIEVE. YOU
SAID YOU'VE DONE
A LITTLE GOOD
ALREADY--THAT
GOOD WILL GROW.



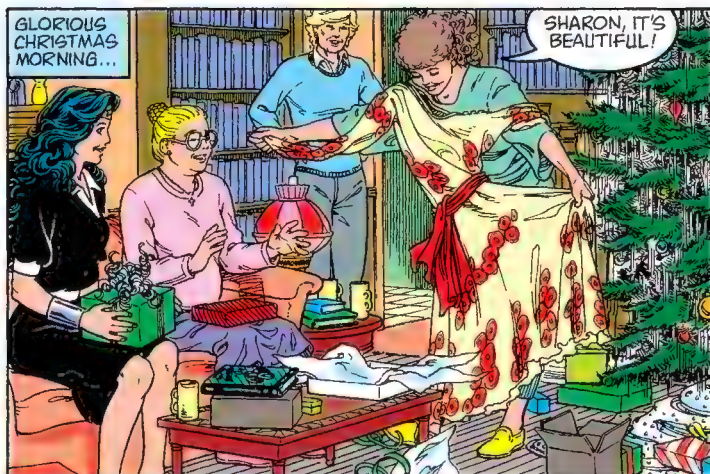
BUT IT'S SO
DIFFICULT...

DIANA,
I KNOW, BUT
BELIEVE ME, IF
IT WEREN'T SO
DIFFICULT, THE
GOOD WOULDN'T
BE SO IMPORTANT.



I KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT,
SHARON. I JUST FEEL
SO CONFUSED AND
SCARED--

SO DO I,
DIANA. BUT
THAT'S WHY WE
NEED TO HOLD
ONTO LOVE AND
PEACE AND
TRUTH--TO
HELP OTHERS
HOLD ON,
TOO.



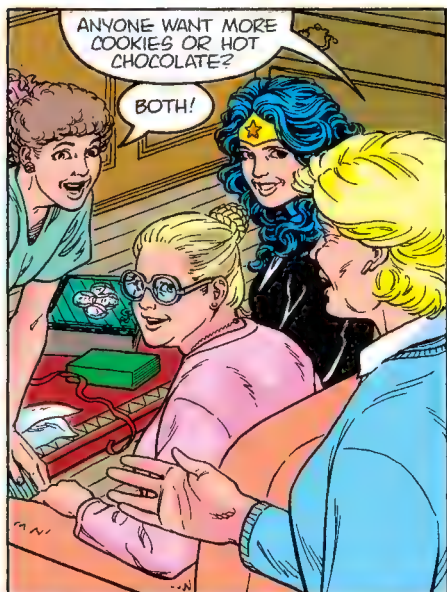
GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS MORNING...

SHARON, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



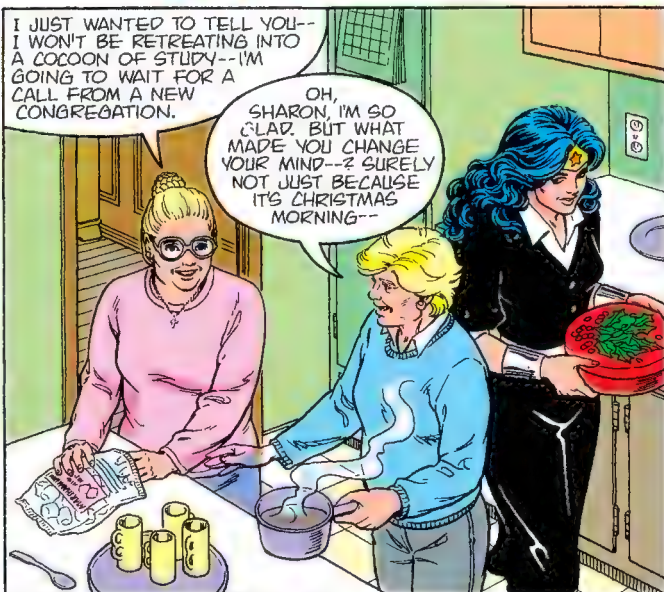
THANK YOU!

GLAD YOU LIKE IT, NESSIE!



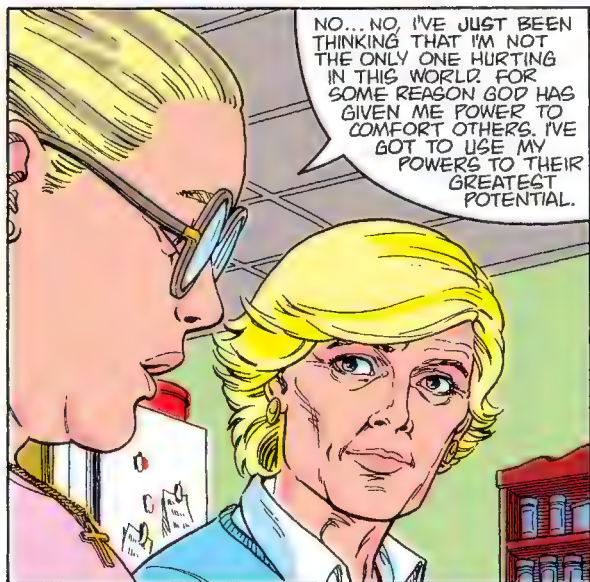
ANYONE WANT MORE COOKIES OR HOT CHOCOLATE?

BOTH!



I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU-- I WON'T BE RETREATING INTO A COCOON OF STUDY-- I'M GOING TO WAIT FOR A CALL FROM A NEW CONGREGATION.

OH, SHARON, I'M SO GLAD. BUT WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND--? SURELY NOT JUST BECAUSE IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING--



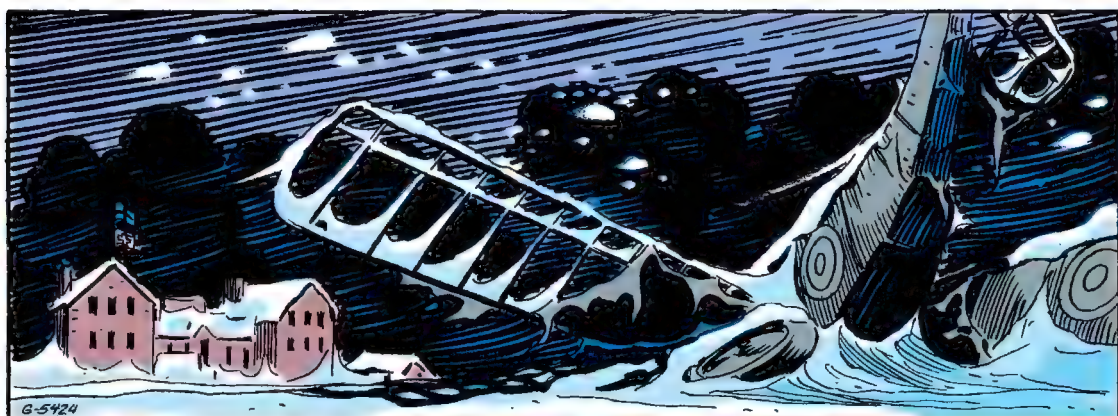
NO... NO, I'VE JUST BEEN THINKING THAT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE HURTING IN THIS WORLD. FOR SOME REASON GOD HAS GIVEN ME POWER TO COMFORT OTHERS. I'VE GOT TO USE MY POWERS TO THEIR GREATEST POTENTIAL.



"POWERS"? YOU SOUND LIKE SOME KIND OF SUPER-HERO...

WHAT? OH... I DON'T KNOW...

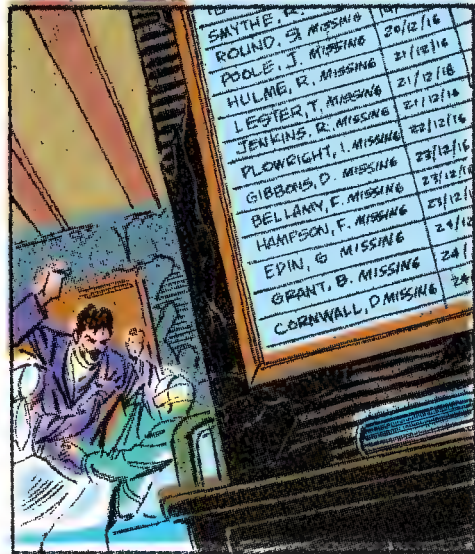
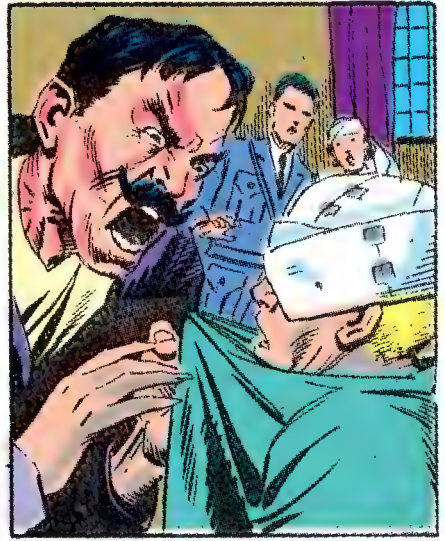
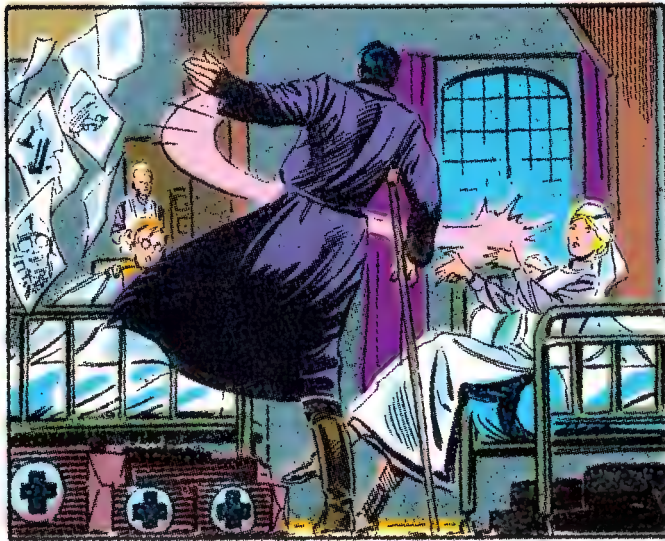
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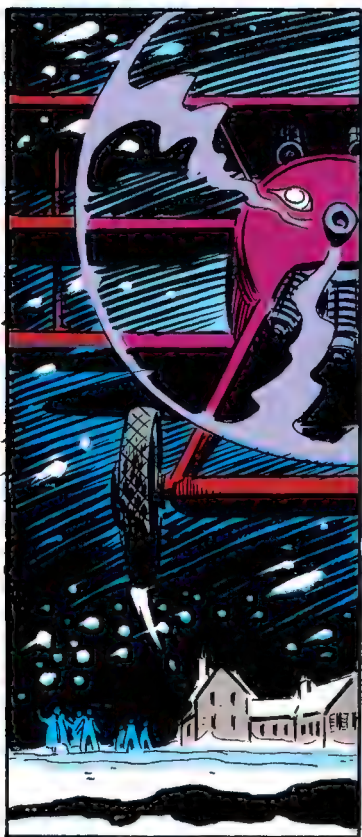
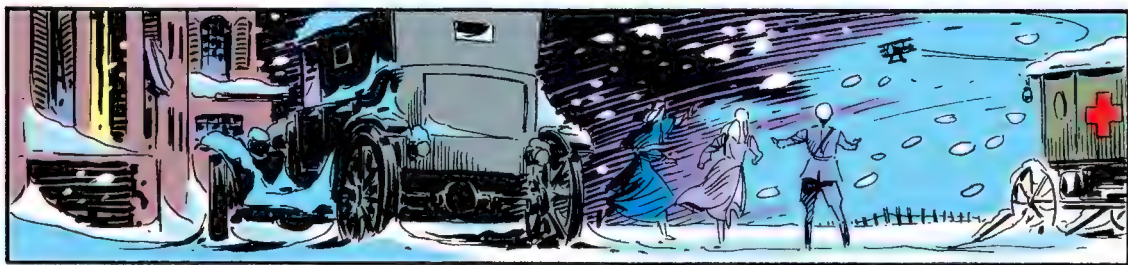


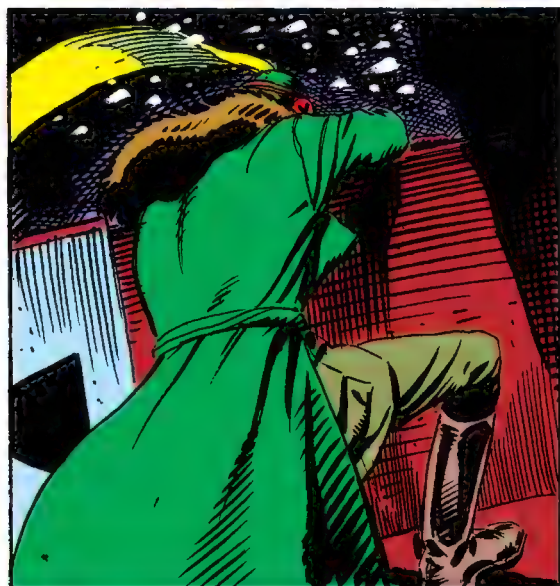
SILENT NIGHT

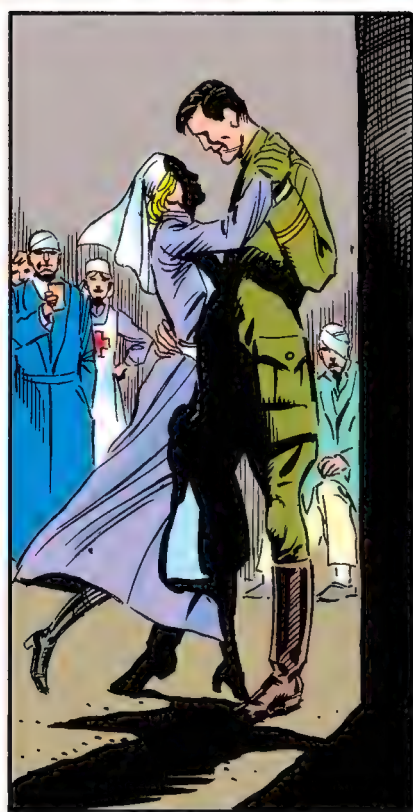
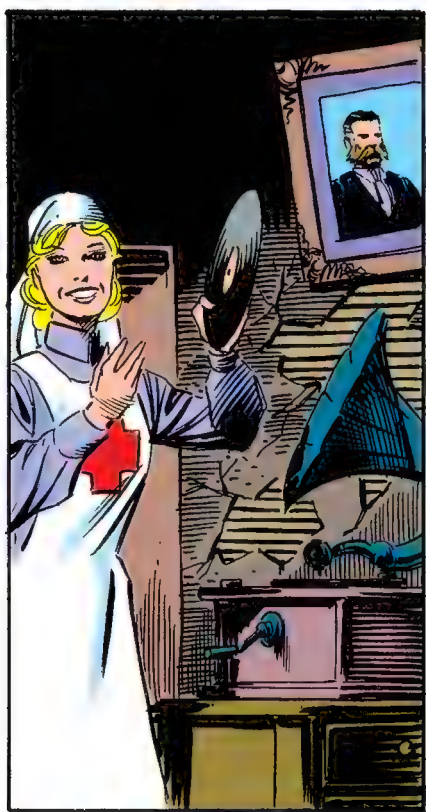
WRITTEN & PENCILLED BY
JOHN BYRNE
FINISHED ART BY
ANDY KUBERT
COLORS: GLENN WHITMORE
EDITOR: MARK WAID
IN DEDICATION TO
**JOE KUBERT &
BOB KANIGHER**

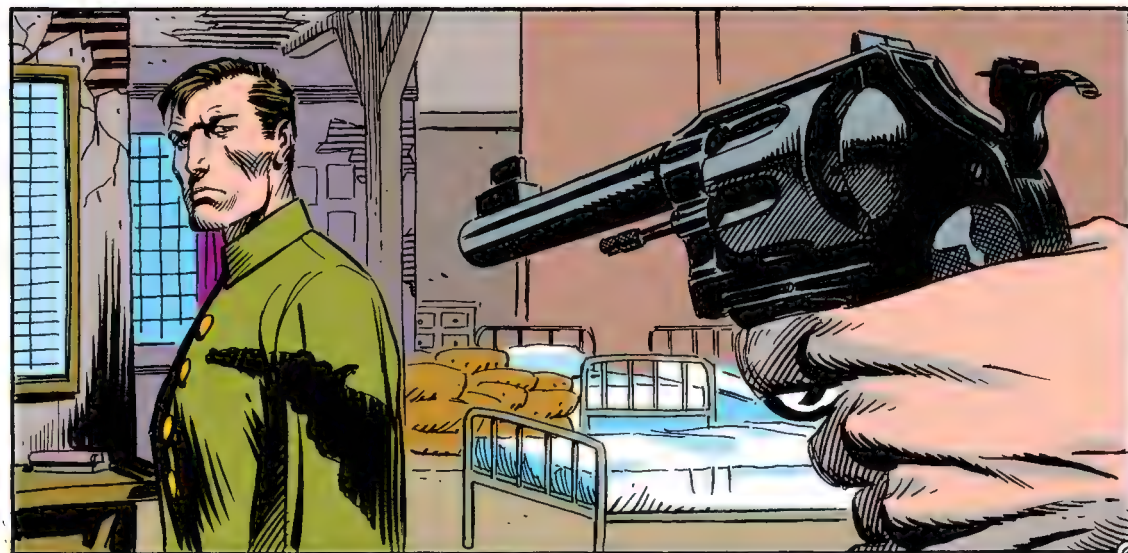


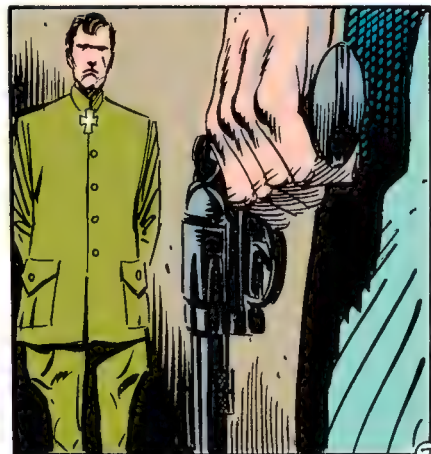
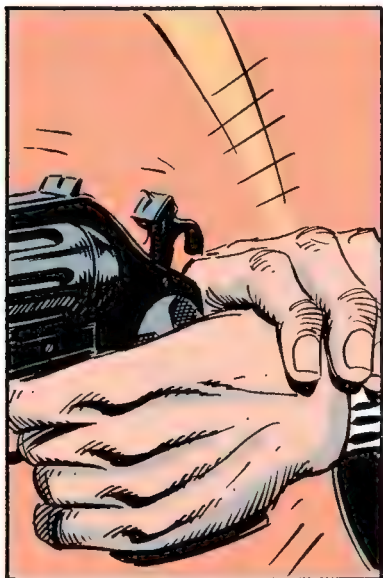


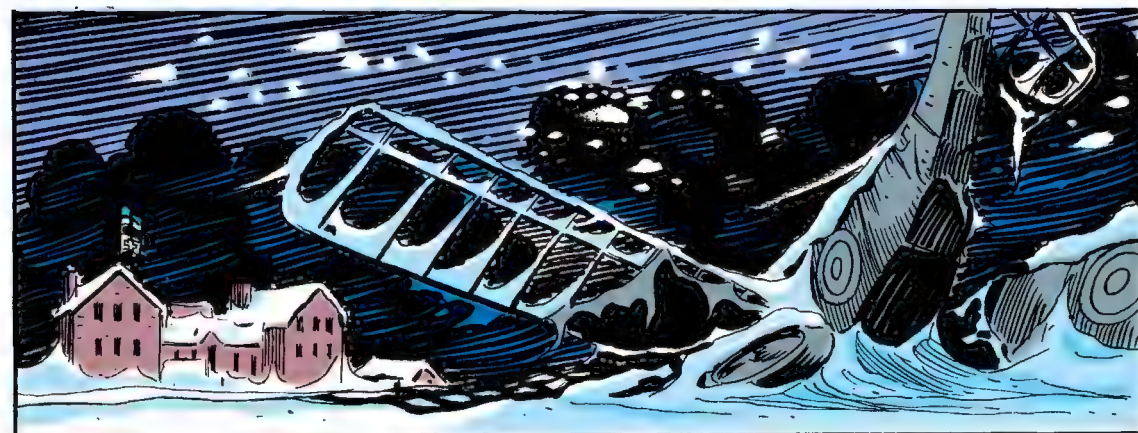
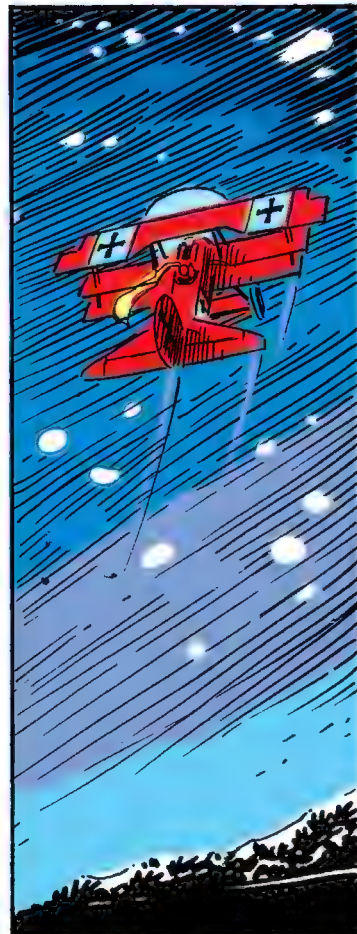
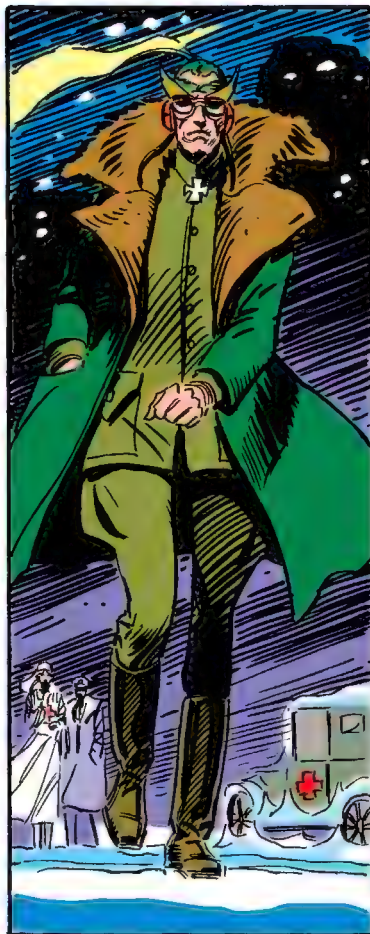












ONCE UPON A TIME, LONG BEFORE THE JLI, THERE WAS THE JLA, AND ITS HEROES CIRCLED THE EARTH IN A GIANT STAR MADE OF GLASS AND STEEL. THEY WERE BOUND TOGETHER WITH TIES OF DUTY AND FRIENDSHIP, AND THEY BATTLED FOR JUSTICE IN A WORLD GONE MAD. YEARS AGO, ONE CHRISTMAS EVE...

Roll Call

HAL (GREEN LANTERN) JORDAN
PROTECTOR OF EARTH!
BARRY (FLASH) ALLEN... FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

I'M GLAD YOU STOPPED BY, HAL. IT'S PRETTY LONELY DOING MONITOR DUTY UP HERE TONIGHT.

NO STRAIN, BARRY. I WAS BORED AT HOME. CHRISTMAS IS MISERABLE WITH EVERYBODY OUT OF TOWN.

OF COURSE, I'M A LOT LESS BORED NOW.

G-14-2000

BILL LOEBS
SCRIPT
COLLEEN DORAN
PENCILS
TY TEMPLETON
INKS
ALBERT DE GUZMAN
LETTERS
TOM MCCRAW
COLORS
MARK WAID
EDITOR

IS THAT YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM GREEN ARROW?

UH-HUH. IT'S DAS CAPITAL. HE GIVES IT TO ME EVERY YEAR.

I THINK THIS IS HIS WAY OF MAKING SURE I READ IT!

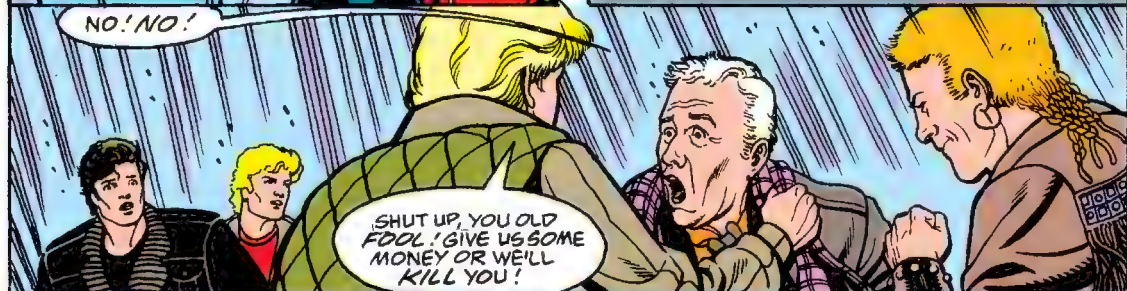
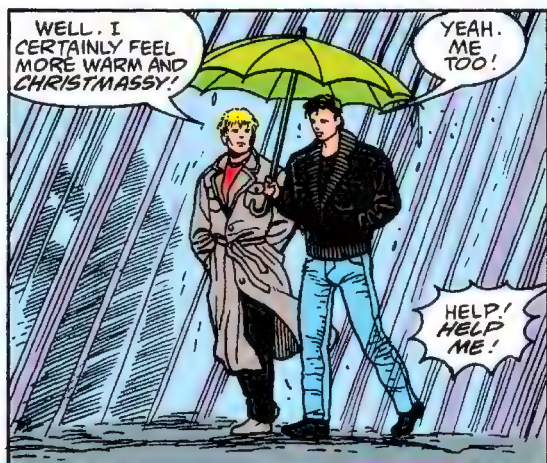
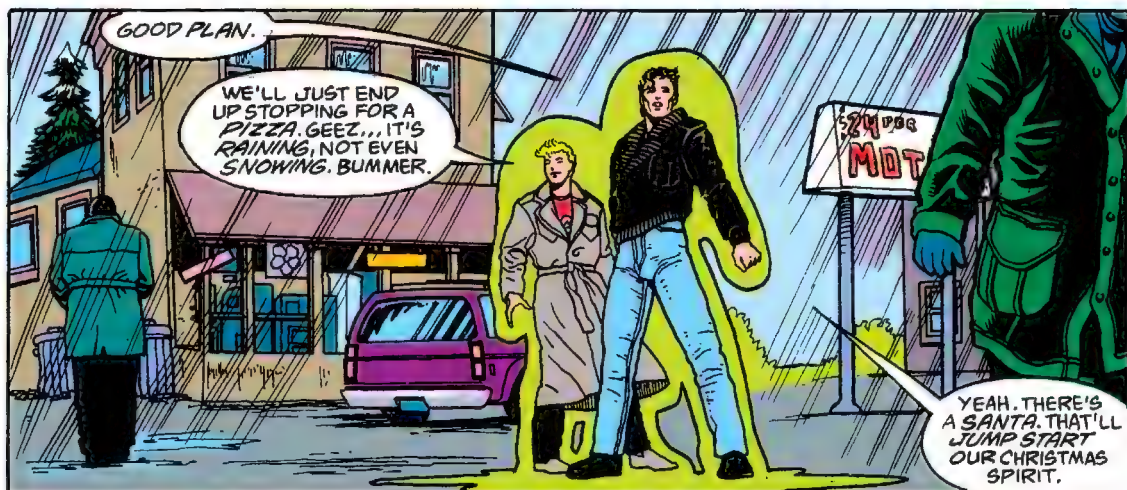
YEAH. PRESENTS ARE A STRAIN. THIS IS FROM WALLY. IT'S SOCKS. IT'S ALWAYS SOCKS. YELLOW ONES WITH TINY BLUE CLOCKS. I HAVE 75 PAIRS.

I TELL HIM I DON'T WEAR THEM OUT ANY FASTER THAN...

LOOK - MONITOR DUTY'S OVER! LET'S GO SOMEPLACE!

SURE. WHERE?

I DON'T KNOW. LET'S FIND SOME SMALL BURG WHERE THEY REALLY KNOW HOW TO HAVE AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.





GOOD CHOICE.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE LET THEM KILL ME! LIFE IS MEANINGLESS.

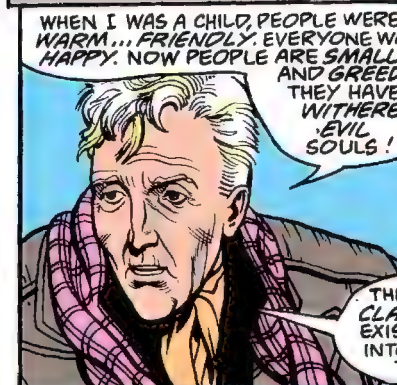
AND I'M C.B. FENSTER! IF LIFE IS MEANINGLESS FOR ME, JUST IMAGINE WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR EVERYONE ELSE!



YOU'RE C.B. FENSTER? BUT THAT MAKES YOU ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN ON EARTH!

TRUE, BUT WHAT IS WEALTH WHEN HOPE IS GONE?

TONIGHT I REALIZED THAT HUMANITY IS WORTHLESS! TONIGHT I OFFERED A FORTUNE TO ANY OF MY GUESTS--THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST--WHO COULD PROVE TO ME THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS. ALL REFUSED! THEY LAUGHED!



WHEN I WAS A CHILD, PEOPLE WERE WARM... FRIENDLY. EVERYONE WAS HAPPY. NOW PEOPLE ARE SMALL AND GREEDY. THEY HAVE WITHERED, 'EVIL SOULS!



THE DIFFERENCE IS SANTA CLAUS! WHEN SANTA CLAUS EXISTED, HE BROUGHT JOY INTO THE WORLD! NOW THERE'S NOTHING!



I'D BE WILLING TO GIVE FIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO COULD PROVE TO ME THAT SANTA CLAUS EXISTS IN THIS TOWN!

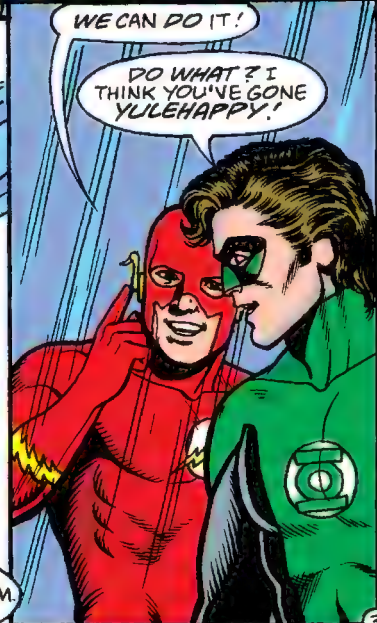
BUT YOU WON'T. NO ONE WILL! NO ONE IS WORTH A DAMN!



ARE YOU SERIOUS? FIVE MILLION?

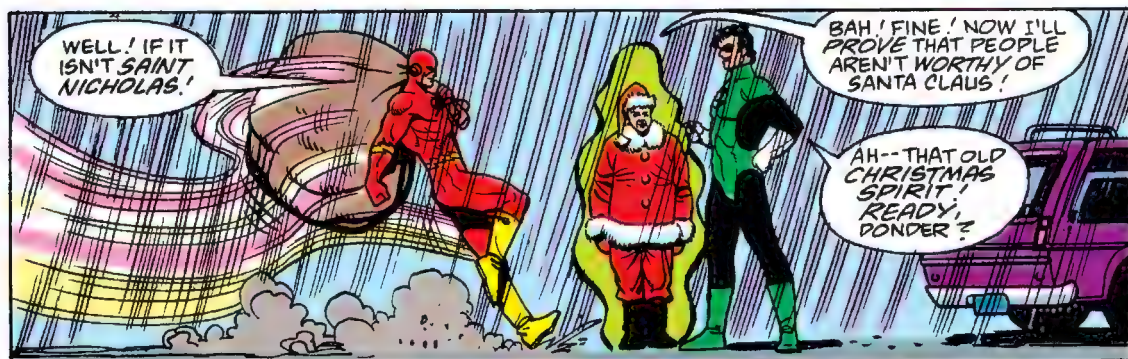
FLASH... WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

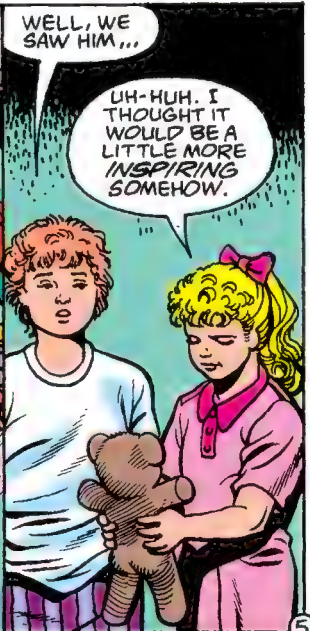
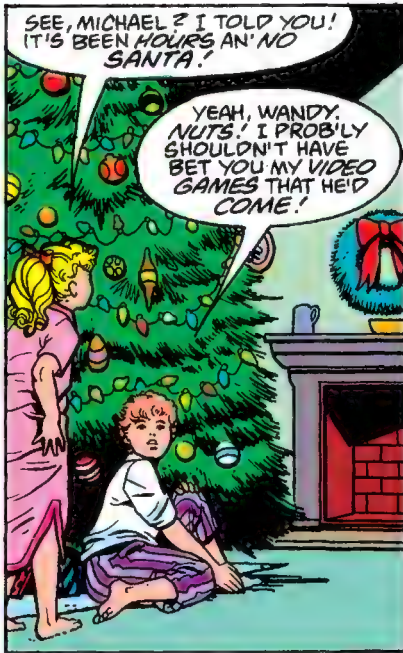
OF COURSE. IN A WORLD OF VILLAINS AND KNAVES, I'M AT LEAST HONEST!

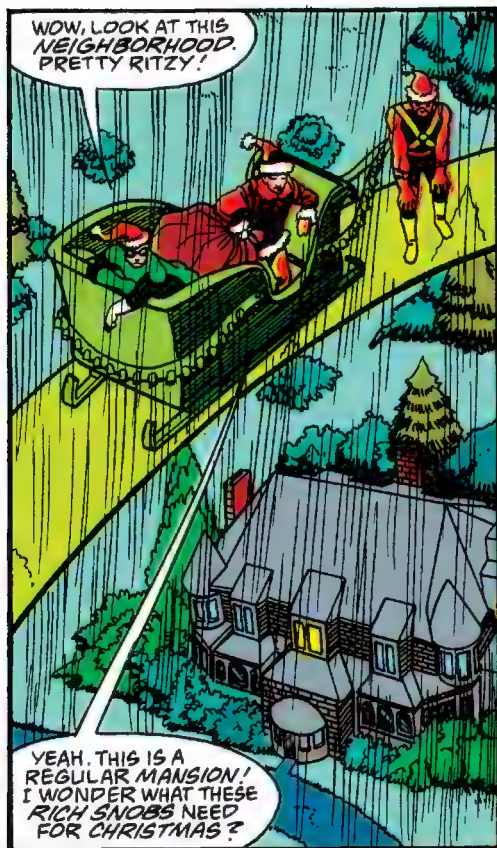


WE CAN DO IT!

DO WHAT? I THINK YOU'VE GONE YULEHAPPY!







WOW, LOOK AT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. PRETTY RITZY!

YEAH. THIS IS A REGULAR MANSION! I WONDER WHAT THESE RICH SNOBS NEED FOR CHRISTMAS?



UH, HI...

I'M TOO BUSY TO BE FRIGHTENED. THE SILVER'S IN THE KITCHEN, THE VCR'S IN THE DEN.

THAT LOOKS COMPLICATED... CAN'T YOUR HUSBAND HELP WITH THAT?

JOHN DIED SIX MONTHS AGO. HE ORDERED THESE BIKES FOR THE KIDS LAST YEAR. I HAVE TO BE ABLE TO GIVE THEM TO THEM TOMORROW.



I DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D BE DISASSEMBLED. I NEVER EVEN RODE A BIKE WHEN I WAS A GIRL.

IT'S ALL RUINED!



ACTUALLY, I WAS QUITE A WHIZ AT PUTTING BIKES TOGETHER WHEN I WAS YOUNGER...

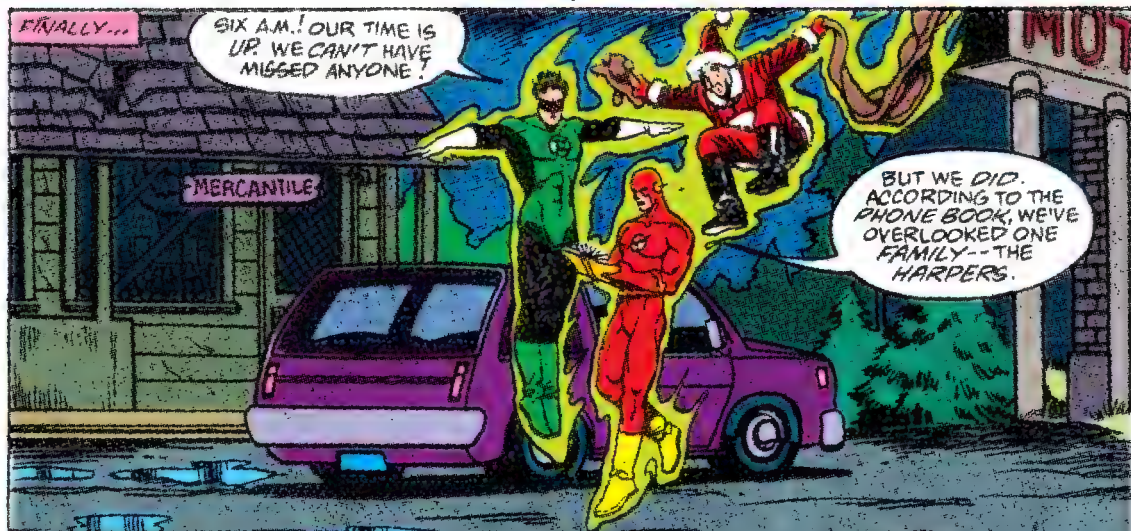


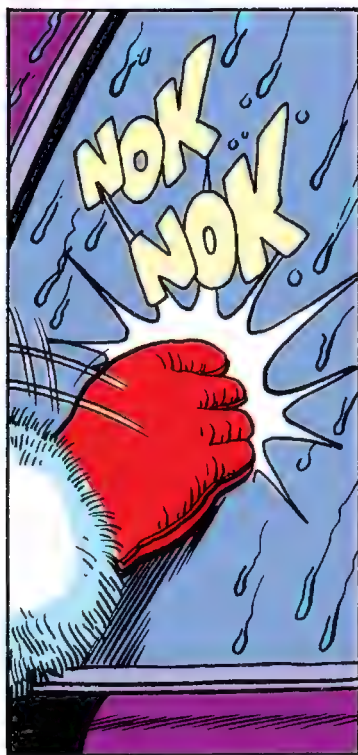
YOU'RE LATE.

SORRY, THE CHAIN WAS TWISTED.

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.







ARE YOU HARPER?

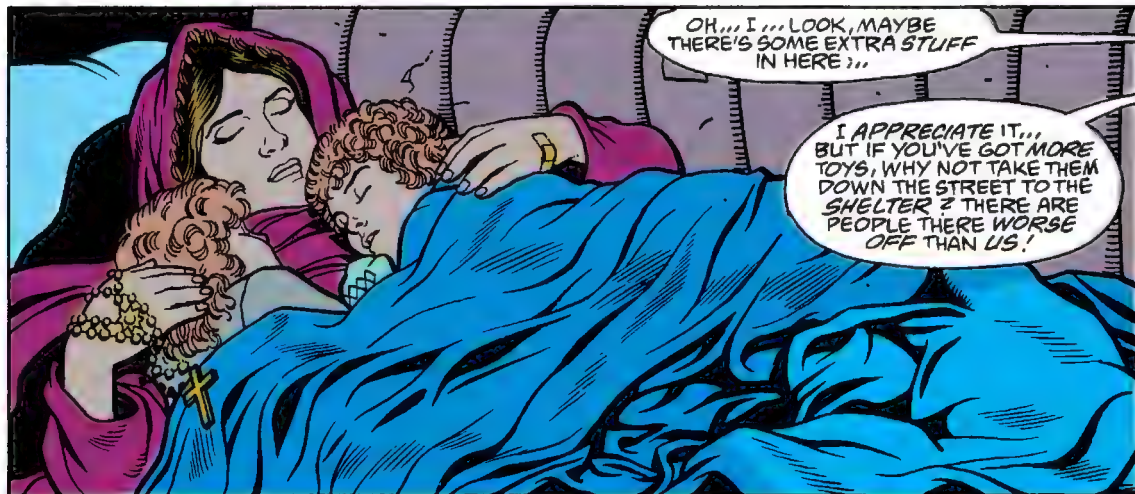
SANTA
CLAUS ?
HERE ?

YEAH,
KINDA.



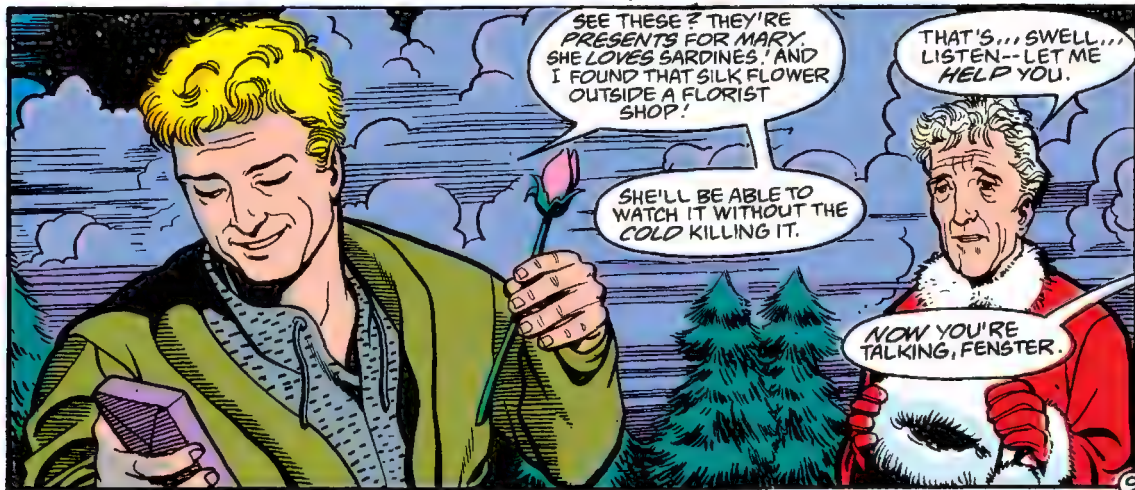
GOTTA BE A LITTLE QUIET.
THE WIFE AN' KIDS ARE SLEEPING
IN BACK.

WE...UH...CAN'T
AFFORD A PLACE TO
LIVE RIGHT NOW.



OH...I...LOOK,MAYBE
THERE'S SOME EXTRA STUFF
IN HERE...

I APPRECIATE IT...
BUT IF YOU'VE GOT MORE
TOYS, WHY NOT TAKE THEM
DOWN THE STREET TO THE
SHELTER ? THERE ARE
PEOPLE THERE WORSE
OFF THAN US.

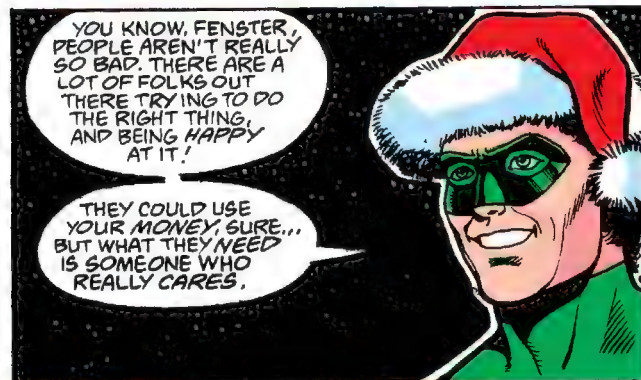


SEE THESE ? THEY'RE
PRESENTS FOR MARY.
SHE LOVES SARDINES.' AND
I FOUND THAT SILK FLOWER
OUTSIDE A FLORIST
SHOP.

SHE'LL BE ABLE TO
WATCH IT WITHOUT THE
COLD KILLING IT.

THAT'S...SWELL...
LISTEN--LET ME
HELP YOU.

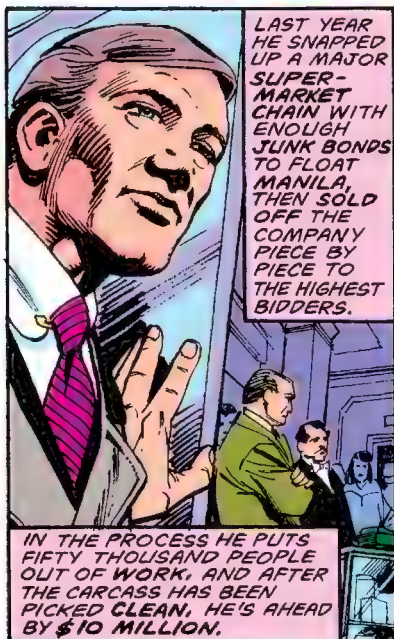
NOW YOU'RE
TALKING,FENSTER.





I'VE BEEN SCOPING THIS ONE OUT FOR ABOUT A WEEK NOW.

JOHN TURNER DANFORTH. 45 YEARS OLD. NET WORTH, AROUND 65 MILLION. KING OF THE LEVERAGED BUY-OUT.



LAST YEAR HE SNAPPED UP A MAJOR SUPER-MARKET CHAIN WITH ENOUGH JUNK BONDS TO FLOAT MANILA, THEN SOLD OFF THE COMPANY PIECE BY PIECE TO THE HIGHEST BIDDERS.

IN THE PROCESS HE PUTS FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE OUT OF WORK, AND AFTER THE CARCASS HAS BEEN PICKED CLEAN, HE'S AHEAD BY \$10 MILLION.



CAN I PICK 'EM, OR WHAT?

UNNNHHH...

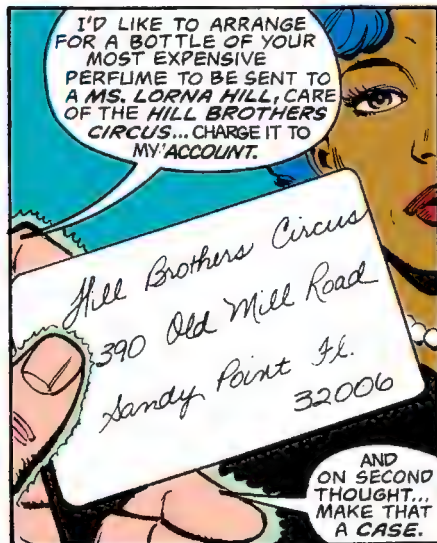
SIR? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



LUCK! HE FEELS COLD--WET--INSIDE. IT'S LIKE SHRUGGING INTO A CASHMERE COAT DIPPED IN SALAD OIL.

LEMME GET THIS OVER WITH AND GET OUTTA HERE.

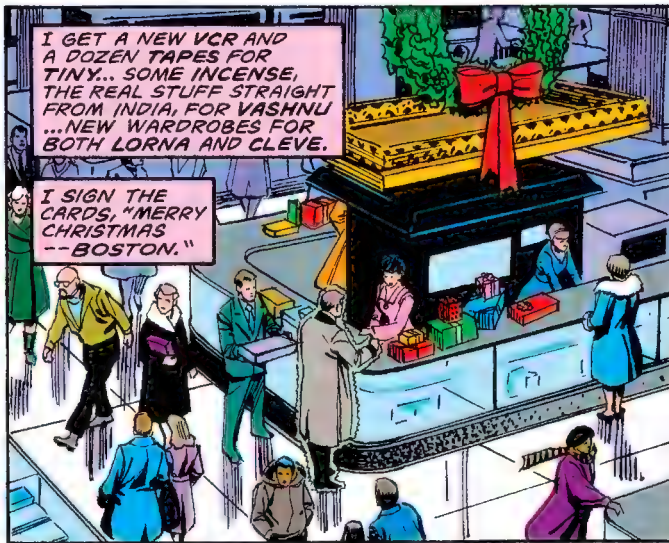
YES... YES, I'M FINE...



I'D LIKE TO ARRANGE FOR A BOTTLE OF YOUR MOST EXPENSIVE PERFUME TO BE SENT TO A MS. LORNA HILL, CARE OF THE HILL BROTHERS CIRCUS... CHARGE IT TO MY ACCOUNT.

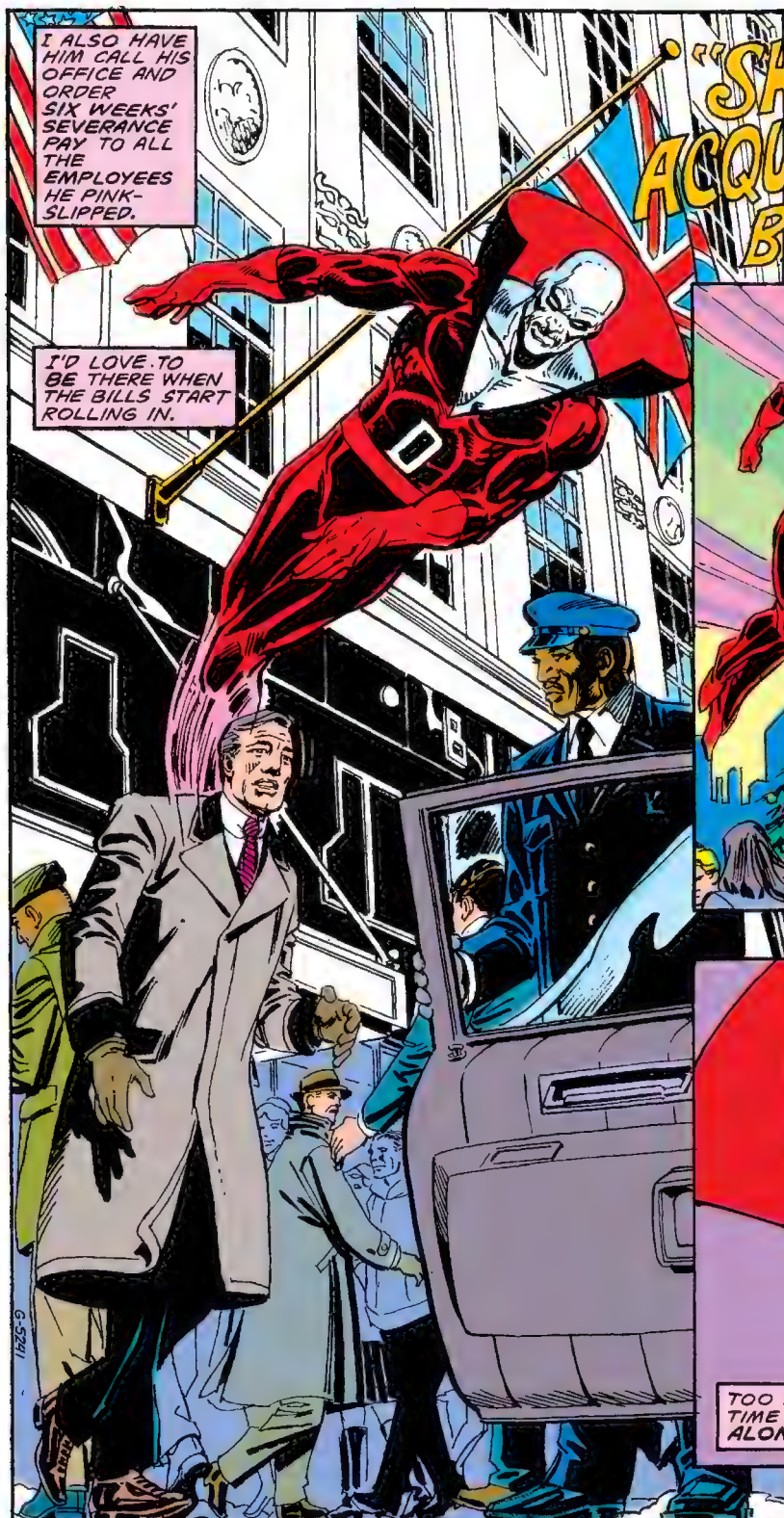
Hill Brothers Circus
390 Old Mill Road
Sandy Point Fl.
32006

AND ON SECOND THOUGHT... MAKE THAT A CASE.



I GET A NEW VCR AND A DOZEN TAPES FOR TINY... SOME INCENSE, THE REAL STUFF STRAIGHT FROM INDIA, FOR VASHNU ...NEW WARDROBES FOR BOTH LORNA AND CLEVE.

I SIGN THE CARDS, "MERRY CHRISTMAS --BOSTON."



"SHOULD AULD
ACQUAINTANCE
BE FORGOT?"



ALAN BRENNERT - writer DICK GIORDANO - artist
STEVE HAYNIE - letterer TOM McCRAW - colorist
MARK WAID - editor

DEADMAN
created by
ARNOLD DRAKE
and
CARMINE INFANTINO

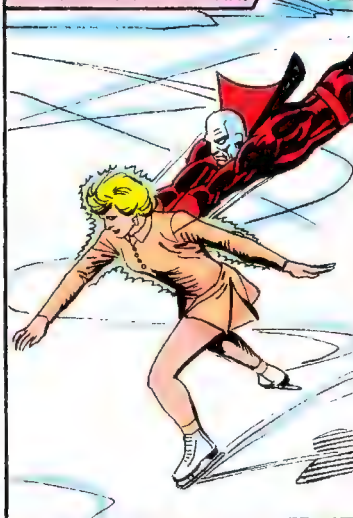


TRIED VISITING LORNA AND THE CIRCUS ONE YEAR. FELT LIKE THE BLOODY SPECTRE AT THE BANQUET.

THEY'VE ALL HAD TOO MUCH WEIRDNESS IN THEIR LIVES AS IT IS, WITHOUT ME DROPPING IN LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF DICKENS. A GIFT... A CARD... THAT'S ALL THE REMINDER I WANT TO BURDEN THEM WITH.

THERE'S CORRIGAN, OF COURSE, BUT GOD KNOWS HE GETS LITTLE ENOUGH NORMALCY, EITHER.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM. ANYONE WHO CAN EVEN SEE ME HAS TSURIS OF THEIR OWN; CHRISTMAS, HANNUKAH, THEY'RE THE FEW MOMENTS OF PEACE AND NORMALITY THEY GET IN A YEAR.



AH. THIS IS MORE LIKE IT.

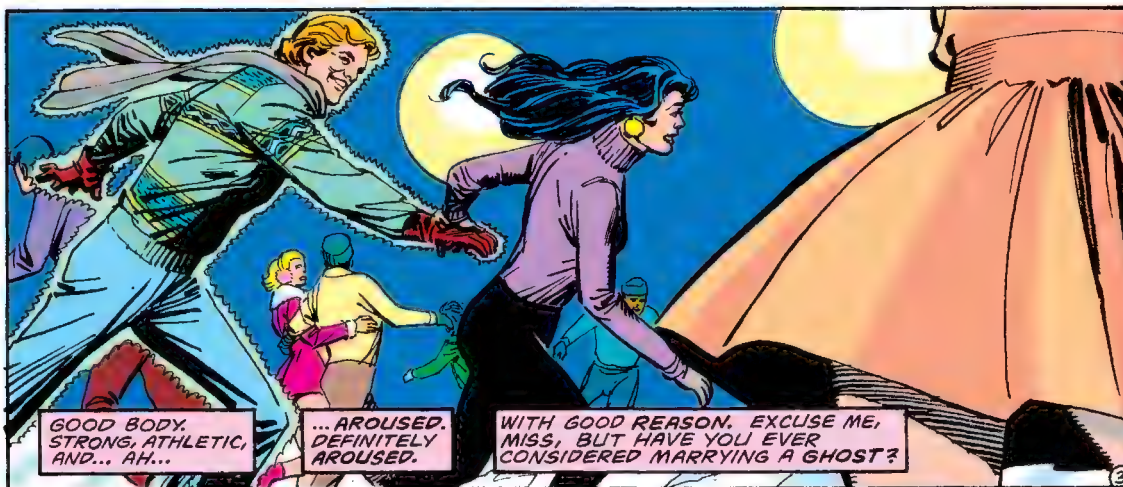


BEING ABLE TO FEEL THE WIND ON YOUR FACE... THE CHILL IN THE AIR ...THE SMELL OF FRESH-FALLEN SNOW.

YOU FORGET WHAT IT FEELS LIKE, BEING ALIVE.



THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S HAND... THE SOUND OF HER LAUGH...



GOOD BODY. STRONG, ATHLETIC, AND... AH...

... AROUSED. DEFINITELY AROUSED.

WITH GOOD REASON. EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED MARRYING A GHOST?



SHWEWE
THINK THAT'S
MY LIMIT,
PAUL.

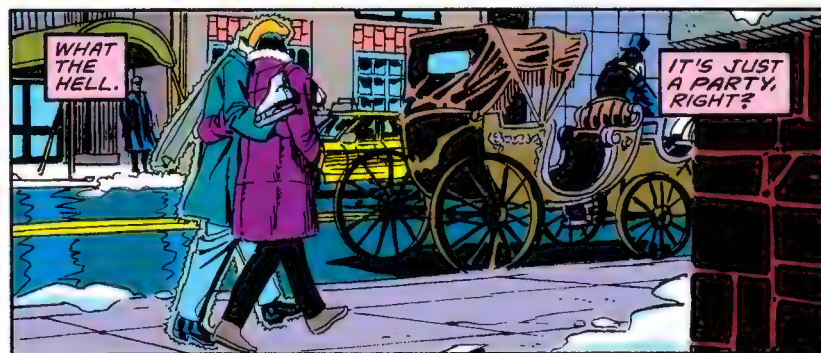
BESIDES,
WE'D BETTER
GET A MOVE ON
OR WE'LL BE
LATE FOR THE
PARTY.

WELL,
THAT WAS FAST.
I'D BETTER BEAT
A QUICK--



LOOK,
YOUR LIPS ARE
PRACTICALLY
BLUE.

WE'D BEST
DO SOMETHING
BEFORE
HYPOTHERMIA
SETS IN...



WHAT
THE
HELL.

IT'S JUST
A PARTY,
RIGHT?

NOTE: NEW PART 5

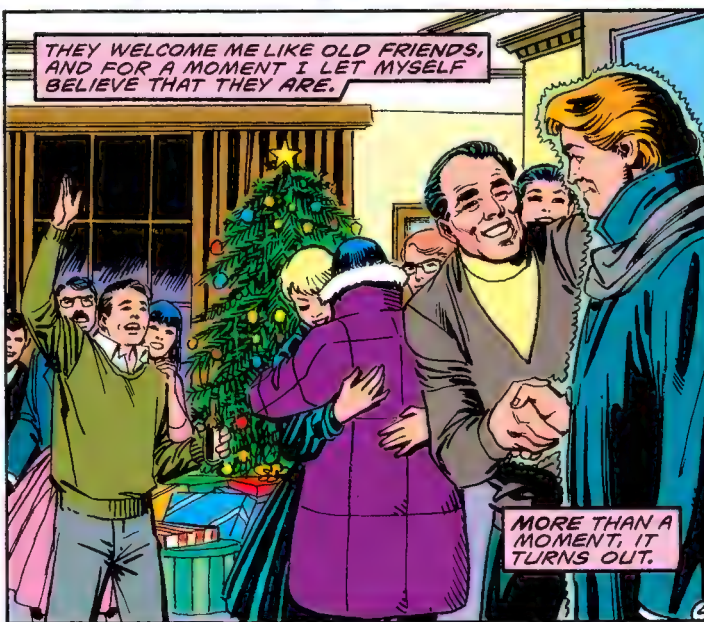


PAUL! KERRY!
GLAD YOU COULD
MAKE IT. MERRY
CHRISTMAS.

UH...YEAH. MERRY
CHRISTMAS.

MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
TOM.

WELL,
COME ON,
COME IN...



THEY WELCOME ME LIKE OLD FRIENDS,
AND FOR A MOMENT I LET MYSELF
BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE.

MORE THAN A
MOMENT, IT
TURNS OUT.



I PICK UP THE NAMES PRETTY QUICKLY. MOST I CAN GLEAN FROM THE TAGS ON THE PRESENTS.

THEY'RE NICE PEOPLE. NICE, NORMAL PEOPLE.

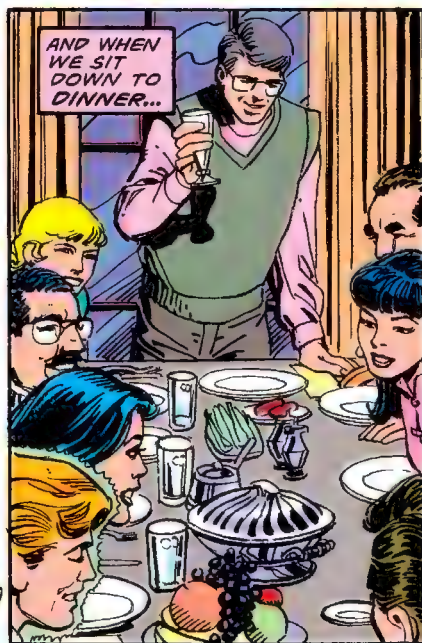
AND I'M ONE OF THEM.



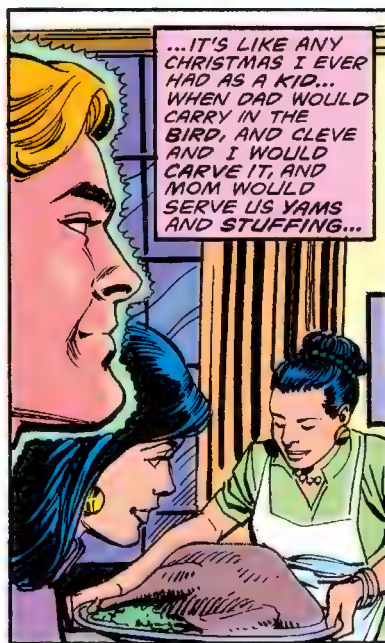
I FEEL LIKE A KID AGAIN, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

I FEEL LIKE I BELONG HERE, LIKE I'VE ALWAYS BEEN HERE.

LIKE I ALWAYS WILL BE.



AND WHEN WE SIT DOWN TO DINNER...



...IT'S LIKE ANY CHRISTMAS I EVER HAD AS A KID... WHEN DAD WOULD CARRY IN THE BIRD, AND CLEVE AND I WOULD CARVE IT, AND MOM WOULD SERVE US YAMS AND STUFFING...



EXCEPT IT'S NOT.

IT'S NOT MY CHRISTMAS, AT ALL. IT'S HIS.

PAUL'S.



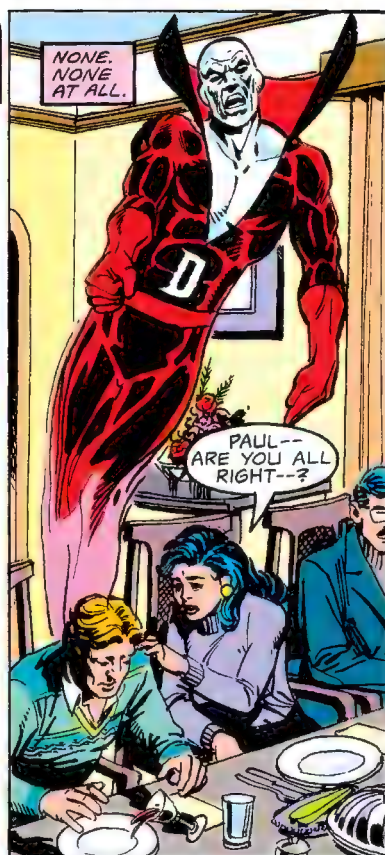
I TRY TO TELL MYSELF HOW LUCKY HE IS, HOW I'M ONLY STEALING A FRACTION OF HIS LIFE--

BUT HOWEVER I LOOK AT IT... I'M STILL STEALING IT.



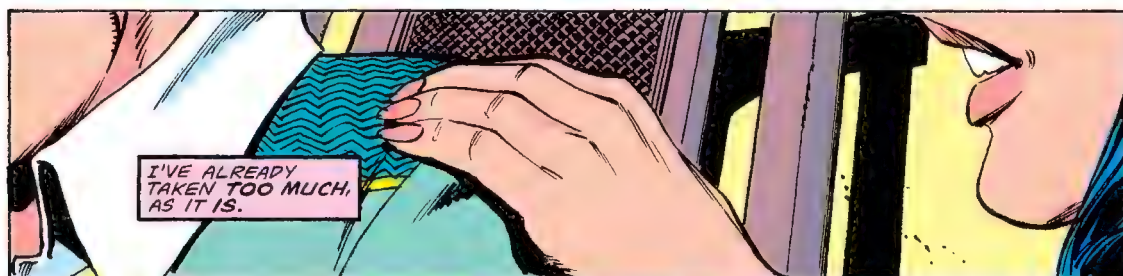
WHAT IF THIS "LUCKY GUY" WERE TO DIE TOMORROW? WHAT IF THIS WERE HIS LAST CHRISTMAS?

HELL--WHAT IF THIS WERE HIS BEST CHRISTMAS? WHAT RIGHT DO I HAVE TO TAKE THAT FROM HIM?

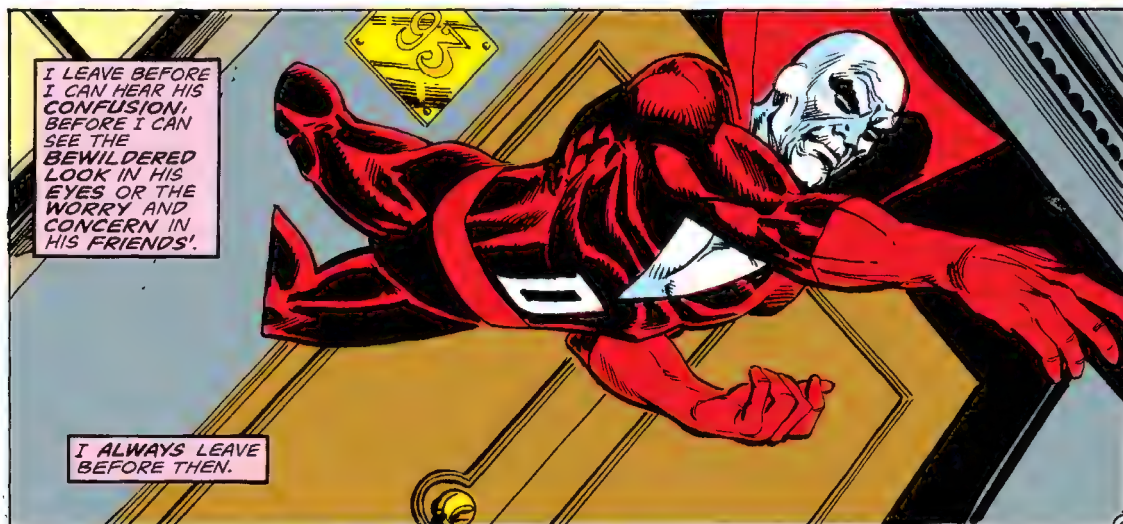


NONE, NONE AT ALL.

PAUL-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT--?



I'VE ALREADY TAKEN TOO MUCH, AS IT IS.



I LEAVE BEFORE I CAN HEAR HIS CONFUSION, BEFORE I CAN SEE THE BEWILDERED LOOK IN HIS EYES OR THE WORRY AND CONCERN IN HIS FRIENDS'.

I ALWAYS LEAVE BEFORE THEN.



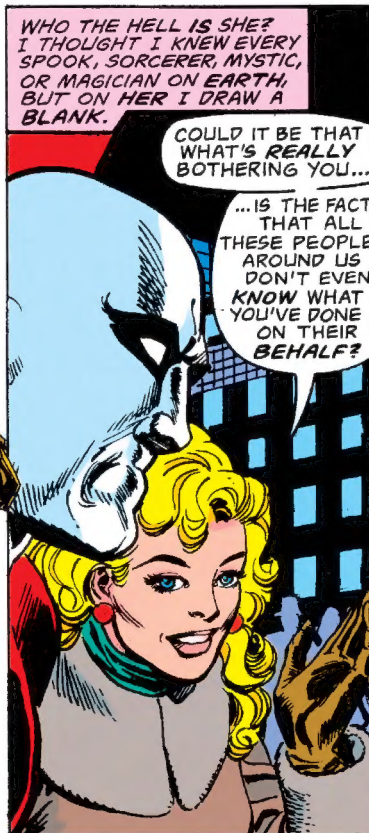


THEN
HOW
--?

DOES IT **MATTER?**
A MINUTE AGO YOU
WERE RAGING
AGAINST THE GODS
FOR BEING **ALONE**.

IF YOU WANT,
I CAN ALWAYS
LEAVE AG--

NO. NO.
DON'T--



WHO THE HELL IS SHE?
I THOUGHT I KNEW EVERY
SPOOK, SORCERER, MYSTIC,
OR MAGICIAN ON EARTH,
BUT ON HER I DRAW A
BLANK.

COULD IT BE THAT
WHAT'S **REALLY**
BOTHERING YOU...

...IS THE FACT
THAT ALL
THESE PEOPLE
AROUND US
DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT
YOU'VE DONE
ON THEIR
BEHALF?



AND
WHAT
IF IT
IS?

I KNOCK MYSELF OUT
FIGHTING FOR THEM,
BUT DOES ANYONE
KNOW? DOES ANYONE
CARE?

PROBABLY
NOT. I MEAN,
YOU **ARE** DEAD,
YOU **KNOW**.
COMES WITH
THE TERRITORY.

GOSH,
THANKS.
I FEEL **MUCH**
BETTER
NOW.



SO YOU WANT
RECOGNITION,
THEN? YOU WANT
GLORY?

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER...
ABOUT HER **TONE**... THAT MADE ME
FEEL LIKE **LICHEN**, COMPARED TO HER.



I'D BEEN FEELING LIKE **JOE**,
AND HERE SHE WAS, MAKING
ME FEEL LIKE **JUDAS**. AND
I DIDN'T KNOW WHY.

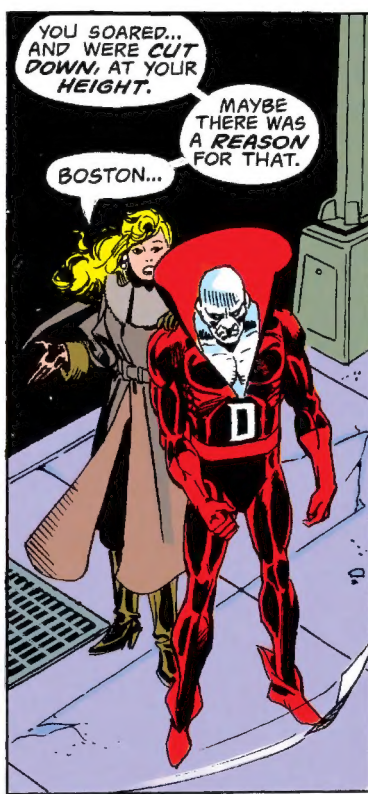
IT'S
NOT THAT.
NOT **GLORY**.
IT'S JUST...



I WAS A **PERFORMER**. YOU KNOW? I PLAYED TO THE **CROWD**. THAT SOUND, THE SOUND OF **APPLAUSE**... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT. YOU **SOAR**. I SOARED. LITERALLY.

THEN, SUDDENLY, IT'S GONE. **FOREVER**. YOU'RE PLAYING TO AN **EMPTY TENT**, AND...

...I GUESS I'VE NEVER GOTTEN **USED** TO IT.



YOU SOARED... AND WERE **CUT DOWN**, AT YOUR **HEIGHT**.

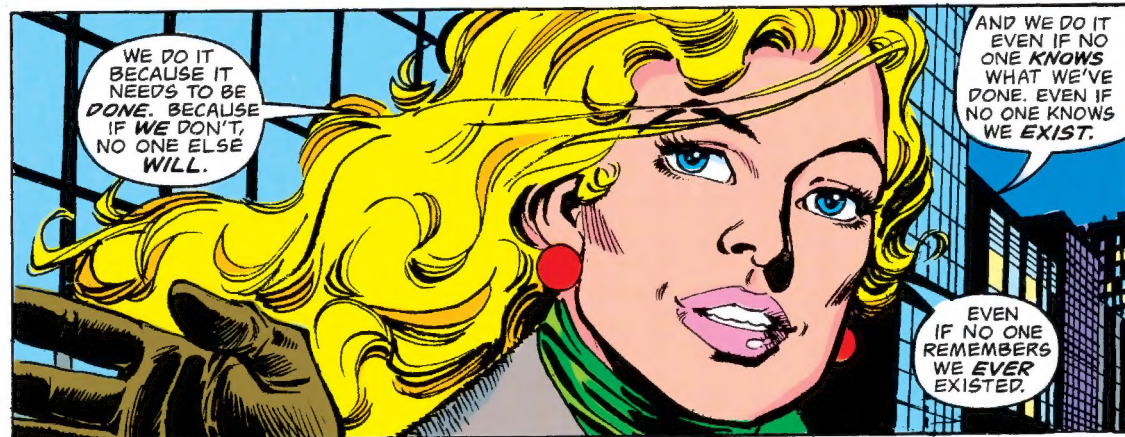
MAYBE THERE WAS A **REASON** FOR THAT.

BOSTON...



...TAKE OFF THAT **SILLY MASK**, AND **LISTEN** TO ME.

WE DON'T DO IT FOR THE **GLORY**. WE DON'T DO IT FOR THE **RECOGNITION**...



WE DO IT BECAUSE IT **NEEDS** TO BE **DONE**. BECAUSE IF WE DON'T, NO ONE ELSE **WILL**.

AND WE DO IT EVEN IF NO ONE **KNOWS** WHAT WE'VE **DONE**. EVEN IF NO ONE **KNOWS** WE **EXIST**.

EVEN IF NO ONE REMEMBERS WE **EVER** EXISTED.

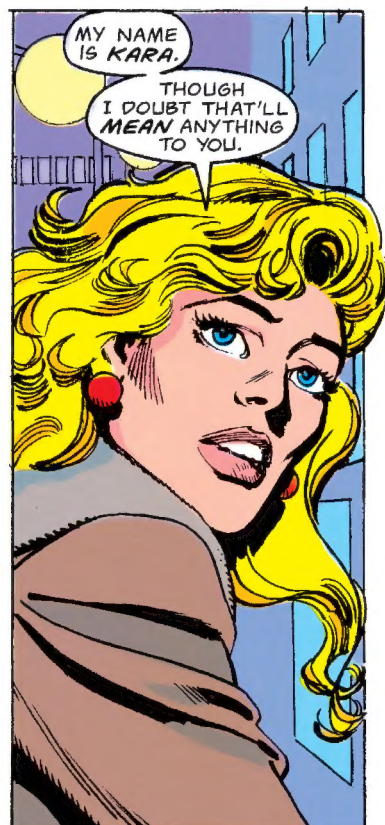
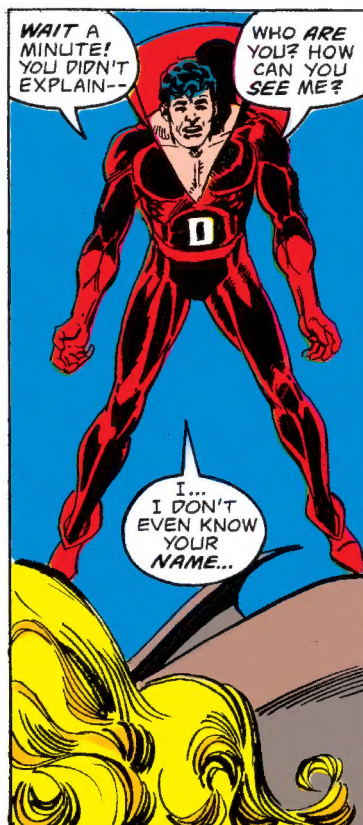


YEAH. I GUESS WE DO.

LOOK, DON'T MIND ME. I'M JUST A **PUTZ** SOMETIMES, YOU KNOW?

NO. YOU'RE ONLY **HUMAN**.

YOU **ARE** STILL **HUMAN**, BOSTON. DON'T BE ASHAMED OF IT; **REJOICE** IN IT. BECAUSE IT MEANS YOUR **SPIRIT** --AS **FLAWED** OR **SELFISH** AS OUR **SPIRITS** CAN SOMETIMES **BE**-- IS STILL **ALIVE**.



From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH

